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Week of February 27, 1944

PISCES, "The Fishes," twelfth zodiac sign, is generally depicted by two fishes. To the ancient Egyptians this sign indicated coming Spring. In Greek legend, Venus and her son, Cupid, changed themselves into fishes after leaping into the Euphrates River to elude the giant, Typhon. To mark the incident, Minerva set two fishes among the stars.

(See Next Page)

Zodiac Girls

by

Willy Pogany

Pisces

Only *White* Animals in this Screwy Zoo

JIMMY O'BRIEN, a husky old Irishman, is known as the Inquiring Bartender at the Gringo Club in Colon where hundreds of adventurers and travelers have added to his repertoire of stories.

"I figure," he said the other day; "that I've heard more unusual yarns than any other living man and here's a honey."

O'Brien had just arrived in Panama City to spend a busman's holiday at the bar of the American Club and his epic of the jungle may lead to an official investigation.

If O'Brien's account is true, there has existed for many years in the wild heart of Eastern Panama a weird albino zoo of white animals under the care of a mad curator who has scoured the earth to assemble his collection.

Scoffers are saying that Jimmy had a few too many when he unrolled his fanciful story or was too ready to believe the tall tale of one Albert Sproul, a jungle tramp who recently sidled up to his bar in Colon and started, talking about white cobras and albino rattlesnakes.

"'I was up in Darien,' Sproul said, 'in the remote country of King Ima Matuna, the Chief of Chiefs, just about done in with malaria when I suddenly stepped onto a white rattler. But it didn't bite. I got away from that spot more like a trained athlete than a half-dead jungleer. Then a white cobra started chasing me.'

"D. T.'s, I thought," said Jimmy, "and I started to talk soothingly to the man. But Sproul said, 'I'm not crazy. Before I left Chief Matuna's country, I had seen albino porcupines, white coyotes, squirrels, a flock of white crows and even white deer.

"Then Sproul really opened up," O'Brien went on. "It seems that the tramp fainted after meeting the white cobra. He was brought to by a wet towel held by a white man.

"'That was Doc Logan,' Sproul told me. The Doc took him to a neat bungalow, gave him a bed, bath, fresh clothes and a piping hot meal. He told Sproul he had fenced in 20 acres for the world's only albino zoo.

"'What's the idea?' Sproul asked.

"'I'm trying to breed a new species—white out of brown and black,' Doc Logan said. 'Eventually I'll be able to develop permanent strains. I got the idea from the findings of a white Indian expedition. Some scientists think that a definite white race is rising out of a brown one. If that can happen to humans, it can happen to animals, too.'"

One listener asked O'Brien why he believed the ravings of a drunk.

"Well," said the bartender, "I was in Colon when they took some 'liver-spotted' white Indian albino children to New York and soon after that a man came through here on his way to the jungle carrying a basketful of white rattlesnakes. It was Logan."

The Jungle Tramp Thought He Was Seeing Things Until He Realized That Every Beast, Bird and Reptile in the Place Was Snow-White, as the Eccentric Naturalist Had Boasted.

"Wicked Bibles" Worth a Lot of Money

SEVERAL hundred people, most of them dealers in and collectors of rare books, gathered in a London auction room the other day. The place was tense with excitement and nobody bothered to do much bidding until the auctioneer picked up a dog-eared volume.

The bidding was brisk and the book was finally knocked down for $155.

The Printer Who Got Out the "Wicked Bible" More Than 300 Years Ago Was Fined a Fortune for His Innocent Mistake.

The buyer knew he had a bargain—a "wicked Bible," one of four or five such books in existence.

Many of the people at the sale had no idea what a "wicked Bible" is—but the buyer knew and so did the auctioneer. They know that a devout British printer, way back in 1631, innocently dropped the word "not" from the Seventh Commandment. This unfortunate oversight made the commandment read: "Thou shalt commit adultery."

The printer was unaware of his sinful typography until his error was angrily called to the attention of the British Crown and to the bigwigs of the Church. The man protested his good faith, but all his pleas that he was a church-going man got him nowhere. The musty records of English jurisprudence reveals that he was fined $17,000—an enormous fortune in those days.

Whether he was able to pay this penalty for his bad proofreading, the records do not say—but he did give the modern collectors of rare and unusual books four or five items that always make news when one of them pops up for sale.

It is said that, for many years, owners of the "wicked Bibles" kept them under lock and key and tried to conceal the fact that they had such a blasphemous volume in the house. They were wise—because they might have suffered the same fate as the printer who made one of the biggest three-letter mistakes in history.

What the Sign of the Fishes Means to You

By VINCENT LOPEZ, Famous Orchestra Leader

PISCES is your astrological sign if your birthday occurs from February 19th to March 20th of any year. Neptune is your ruling planet.

Your keyword is Sympathy. At your best you are high-minded, while at your worst you may not be too charitable.

Usually you are to be relied upon, but sometimes you are likely to be irresponsible.

In your work you are methodical and industrious and in your contacts with acquaintances and associates you show an innate consideration and affection.

You possess a fine logic and intuition which aid you in solving difficult problems, and at the same time guard you against being imposed upon. You often have a rare magnetism that attracts you to others.

Your disposition helps you to make friends easily, and your interest in deeper things makes you very fascinating to most people.

You are a devotee of the theatre, find pleasure in mystery yarns, and you lean toward the occult and the study of magic.

You are fortunate in having excellent reasoning powers, together with mental poise and self-control. You can see unsuspected possibilities in the ideas of others. Your sympathetic and enthusiastic understanding helps you through life. You have a high sense of humor.

On the other side of your nature you should guard against unjust suspicions, and the tendency to imagine situations that do not exist.

Unless you mind your own business you are apt to find yourself drawn into all the trouble around you.

You should try to overcome your tendency to secrecy. This will enable you to avoid misunderstandings that can only bring unhappiness to yourself and your friends.

Make his Lunch-box say: "HAPPY SURPRISE!"

She's packing a "surprise" of delicious Betty Crocker Ginger Creams in one of those smart new transparent lunch-boxes!

THEY'RE mighty hard to beat... these Betty Crocker Ginger Creams! Simple drop cookies like this are easy to make. And so flavorful. So moist. A delicious lunch-box treat. Mighty nutritious too!

And success is assured when you use Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. More than 150 individual blending, milling and testing operations insure its unvarying uniformity. The flour more women use than any other, you'll find it superb for delicate pastry, fluffy biscuits, tempting cakes, and if you bake bread—for high, golden-crusted, nutty, good-eating loaves.

For top results use Gold Medal with the Betty Crocker recipes in the sack. You'll pronounce this combination the surest, easiest, simplest way to avoid baking failures. Gold Medal Flour is made by GENERAL MILLS, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

Betty Crocker says: "These cookies are cake-like and should be kept in an air-tight container. Perfect with a glass of milk. Ginger Creams take very little shortening. I know you'll like them. The recipe has been thoroughly tested by my staff—works perfectly with Gold Medal Flour."

Betty Crocker Ginger Creams

Perfect results with this Betty Crocker recipe assured only with GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour*

¼ cup shortening—½ cup sugar—1 small egg (or ½ large egg)—½ cup molasses—2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—½ tsp. salt—1 tsp. ginger—½ tsp. each of nutmeg, cloves, cinnamon—½ cup hot water—1 tsp. soda

Assemble the ingredients listed above. Then cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Blend in the well-beaten egg, then the molasses. Sift the flour, salt and spices together, and stir into the molasses mixture, stirring in alternately with the hot water in which the soda has been dissolved. *Now chill dough thoroughly.*

Drop, by teaspoonfuls, about 2 inches apart, onto a lightly greased, heavy baking sheet (*cookies will enlarge somewhat during baking*). Bake about 8 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400°). Recipe makes about 4 doz. cookies (2 in. in diameter).

Thin White Icing

Cover the tops of some or all of the cookies, while still slightly warm, with icing made by blending together ½ cup *sifted* confectioners' sugar, a few drops of vanilla and 2 to 3 tbsp. top milk or cream (*using just enough to make the icing easy to spread*).

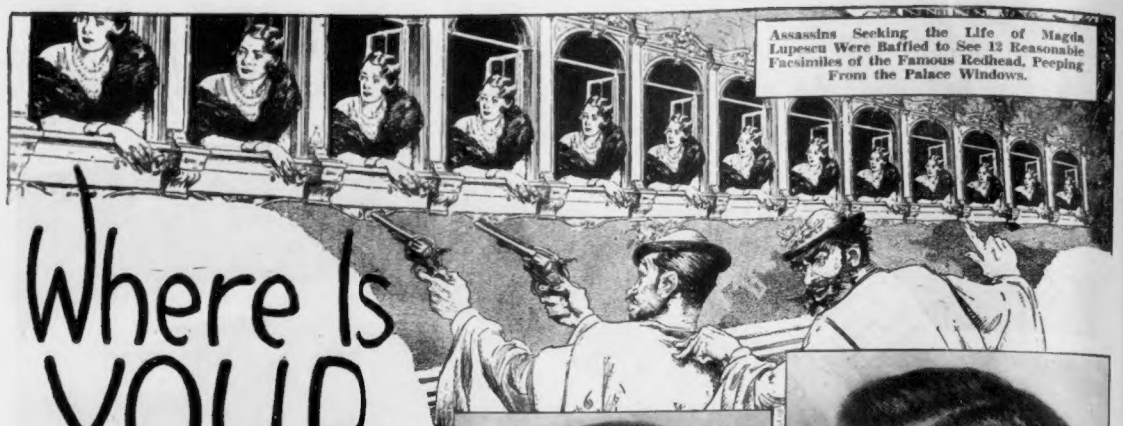
The food you save can help win the war. Don't take chances on baking failures! Stick to Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour and the reliable Betty Crocker recipes you'll find in each sack!

Eventually Why Not Now?

Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" ENRICHED FLOUR

Copr. 1944, General Mills, Inc. "Betty Crocker" and "Kitchen-tested" are reg. trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

**Enriched to new higher gov't. standards with 3 "B" vitamins and iron. For example, 8 oz. contain an adult's min. daily needs of Vitamin B_1—65% of min. daily needs of iron. An important source of protein, too. A "protective" food.*



Assassins Seeking the Life of Magda Lupescu Were Baffled to See 12 Reasonable Facsimiles of the Famous Redhead, Peeping From the Palace Windows.

Where Is YOUR Double?

No Human Patterns Are Exclusive, Science Finds, and Tells Why the "Spittin' Image" You Surely Have May Be on the Other Side of the Globe

George Gordon Miller, a Missing British Soldier Whose Mother Saw a Picture of American Sgt. Lester Miller (Left) Among War Prisoners and Couldn't Believe He Wasn't Her Own Son.

SPITTIN' images are about as elusive as ghosts. One doesn't often meet his alter ego on a crowded bus, or walk into a restaurant only to see himself already seated behind a juicy beefsteak.

Yet somewhere in the world everyone has a double, science suspects; not an exact duplicate but one of those better-than-reasonable facsimiles, good enough to fool neighbors, relatives and close friends.

It's fairly evident that nobody from Podunk, U. S. A., need expect to find his unrelated twin among the Hottentots. But within racial limits, the likeness that proves none of Nature's patterns for homo sapiens is exclusive may be hanging around unrecognized—because unseen—in almost any corner of this bewildering globe.

Emperor Francis Joseph (Right) Feared for His Life and Used His Valet-Double, Eugene Ketterl, as a Decoy for Possible Shots Or Bombs.

Mrs. Miller, an anxious mother in Rotherham, England, recently saw the soldier son, who'd been reported missing since the fall of Singapore, staring at her from a newspaper photograph of some exchanged war prisoners.

Just as anyone would, she called in friends to confirm what her eyes told her was true. Sure it was George, everyone agreed. The thing to do was telephone the newspaper at once and find out how she could get in touch with him.

The call was put through.

"But I can't be mistaken," Mrs. Miller insisted after prolonged conversation, "I'd know his face, his eyes, his hair anywhere in the world. Even the way he stands proves that it's my boy."

Patiently the man at the other end of the wire explained that every one in the picture was an American, though by a strange coincidence the fellow she believed to be her son was named Miller, too.

"Maybe he's lost his memory," the hopeful mother suggested, "and doesn't know who he is."

She took the best likeness she had of George to the paper. Careful comparisons were made. The American and British boys seemed almost identical. But Sgt. Lester Miller, from Connecticut, knew right enough who he was, and fingerprints, if nothing else, would back him up.

The British woman, who had to admit her hope had been blasted by one of Nature's doubles, asked that she be allowed to "mother" the American boy while he remained in England—and while she once more took up the long wait.

Although both boys were named Miller there is, so far as can be traced, no relationship between them.

Their striking similarity, and that of all doubles, is explained on the basis of microscopic body-building mechanisms called genes—the carriers of heredity from one generation to the next.

Everybody has a complete set of thousands or millions of them in every body cell. They're the "blueprints" that determine the color of one's hair, eyes and skin; the shape of ears, chin and nose. They make some people long-legged and others short; some with a tendency to be fat, others skinny.

Like the many bits of colored glass that make those fascinating designs in the old-fashioned kaleidoscope, the genes of both parents combine to form the "pattern" of their offspring's body. That pattern goes into every cell to combine with a future mate.

The kaleidoscope may change thousands of times, then finally the original design is repeated because the bits of glass are limited and every possible combination has been made.

Just so, there comes a time when the genes that make new human beings have been combined in every possible way. The result is repetition and a double. On the same principle it would be possible eventually to have three or more of a kind—and all unrelated.

A perfect duplicate, alike in every minute detail, is possible too, theoretically, but only once in millions of millions of times.

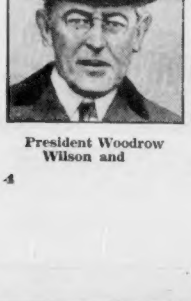
The nearest to such a phenomenon, perhaps, was the case of Will West, a young man arrested early in this century and sent to a State penitentiary.

When he was photographed and his body measurements taken for the files, the recorder said positively: "You've been here before."

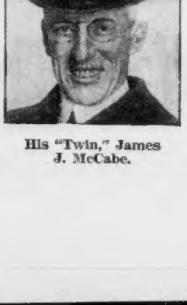
"No, sir," the prisoner replied, but when he saw another picture, also bearing the name William West, he almost began to doubt his own knowledge.

"That's me, but how did you get it?" the dumfounded convict wanted to know.

It turned out that an-



President Woodrow Wilson and



His "Twin," James J. McCabe.

Could You Be Sure This Is Mahatma Gandhi?

If You Can Pick Out Mae West, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Zasu Pitts, Joan Crawford and Loretta Young You're Wrong. These Gals Are Only Stand-Ins.

other prisoner, a lifer, was identical in looks and measurements, only their fingerprints differed—and to confuse the issue further they both had the same name.

It's easy to see how one's alibi might be discounted with a double in the neighborhood, and sometimes rumors of the most outlandish sort crop up with nothing but a remarkable likeness as their basis.

Two Home Guards driving through Surrey, England, not long ago found an unconscious and badly injured man by the roadside. Getting out of their van and approaching the body, each took a closer look at the man.

"Mussolini!" both whispered in one breath. "Could he be Il Duce?"

The ground where the body lay was blood-soaked. Near by a broken rope dangled from the branch of a tall beech tree, and around the man's neck was a rope noose. It seemed obvious he'd bungled an attempt at suicide.

The fall apparently knocked him unconscious.

The guards took the unconscious man to the police but he was far beyond telling his own story. A laundry mark on his handkerchief and a number in his shoe were all the clues to his identity—except, of course, his broad, thick-lipped face and short stocky stature.

Had it not been for a discrepancy of about twenty years in age there is little doubt that when this man died a few hours later the affair would have been reported as a fitting finish for the deflated Italian Duce.

As it is, after a long and fruitless investigation, his unsolved case is merely filed away at police headquarters under the heading "the unidentified man who looked like Mussolini."

And it's at police headquarters the world over that some of the strangest mix-ups of doubles have been uncovered over a period of many years.

A few years ago six men pointed unhesitatingly to George Hayes, a young Brooklynite, as he appeared in a police line-up, and said without hesitation: "He's the man."

And This His Image, Jim McLean, a Scot?

On the word of those witnesses Hayes was arrested for the killing of James Fitzpatrick, manager of a chain store, during a hold-up. The more he protested his innocence, the greater grew the skepticism of the police.

Hayes felt hope slip away. Sitting in his cell he was tormented with visions of himself walking slowly toward the electric chair. Yet he knew he hadn't been near the store. He was innocent.

Then one day Hayes was led through the corridor. Coming toward him he saw what seemed to be himself.

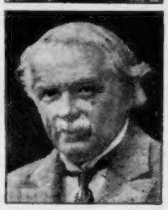
"What're you in for, buddy?" the likeness, who said his name was John Farley, asked, but he already knew.

He later admitted he was the fellow who actually committed the hold-up and shot Fitzpatrick. When he finally was caught after robbing a restaurant, he went before the chain-store clerks — just as Hayes had done — and nine men picked Farley out of the line as guilty.

John Farley, later judged insane, was sent to a mental institution. Hayes was released, but he'll always know that having a double can really put a man in jeopardy of death.

Time-saving may seem a little inconsequential as compared to life-saving, but Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, it is said, used his double for both.

The Emperor, renowned for being the most amiable and democratic of monarchs, went everywhere; spoke to thousands of his subjects each week. But what few people knew was that his faithful valet, Eugene Ketterl, looked almost exactly like Emperor Francis Joseph.



Oklahoma Judge S. H. King and (Below) David Lloyd George.

Especially during the last invalid years of the monarch's life it is rumored the valet was the one who appeared on the balcony to make frequent addresses, and incidentally to collect the bouquets which might easily have concealed a bullet or an assassin's bomb.

Sometimes, apparently, it's harder to protect near-royal skins than the hides of pure nobility.

When political enemies threatened the life of Magda Lupescu, while her lover, the now ex-King of Rumania, still was ruler, this petticoat-power behind the throne collected not one but a dozen doubles to confuse would-be assassins.

Six Murder Witnesses Mistook George Hayes (Above) for John Farley (Below) the Killer.

These counterparts of the King's lady-love were partly synthetic, since Nature would scarcely have provided that one model in so many editions. Just as movie stand-ins are made to look like the stars they double for with cosmetics and clothes, Magda's bodyguards were dyed and painted "to match" the royal favorite.

On one occasion, it seems, the baker's dozen—including Magda—sat in palace windows, and waiting thugs could do nothing but shoot the whole bunch or pack up their firearms and call it a day. No shooting!

But there are many prominent characters who have doubles, yet never make use of them.

If you stood Judge S. H. King of Tulsa, Oklahoma, beside Lloyd George, former Prime Minister of England, it would be pretty hard to tell which was which. The late James J. McCabe, District Superintendent of New York City Schools, was a double for President Woodrow Wilson, and Edward Carrell, an Illinois restaurant owner, and Abraham Lincoln were as alike as two peas.

Jim McLean, a hardy Scotsman, goes about giving an unimpeachable impersonation of Mahatma Gandhi, with sheet and safety pin as props. Even when he is dressed in his regular clothes everyone sees the resemblance, and many Edinburgh people have asked him what he was doing so far away from his people.

One of the most hair-raising experiences of any double, perhaps, was that of a Princess of White Russia, Elena Tsouloukidze, one of the few people to meet her double accidentally, and turn her into a pal, with effects that might have been fatal to the Royal Princess.

It was in Nice, France. The other girl was Maria Voudracheck.

Princess Elena had driven to Marseille on the day Yugoslavia's king was shot while visiting there. In fact she was a witness of the shooting, and thinking to get away from the distressing scene as soon as possible, she headed back for Nice.

That night Maria visited her with a strange request. She must be driven over the border into Italy.

Princess Elena helped her, thinking it was some love affair, but that was the last she saw of Maria.

Soon it became known that a mysterious blond woman was wanted in connection with the King's death. Her description was that of Maria — or Elena.

Finally the Princess was kidnaped. Escorted to an inside room of a dilapidated house, she was ordered to take off all her clothes and given a pair of men's pajamas to wear. She was held prisoner for ten days. On the eleventh day a door opened and there stood the man Maria had met across the border that night. He asked a few questions and disappeared. Later she heard discussions of how she would be turned over to the authorities in place of Maria, the girl who actually had carried the gun that killed Yugoslavia's monarch, across the border.

Anyone going out to track down his or her double, it seems, should first make sure whether there's trouble tied up in the twinship, too.

The Officers Raised the Man's Head and Their Jaws Dropped in Amazement. Could This Be Il Duce, Dying From a Suicide Attempt, in England?

SMILE AWHILE

"This is our assembly line special. We call it Romance de Rivet."

"Soitinly we have waitresses. It's de man-power shortage."

"Whom shall I say is calling?"

"And all I want is a little house, a few chickens, a small garden..."

Has Greece a Secret $ Queen?

George Hopes for Happier Results From An Egyptian Romance Than Mark Antony Got From Cleopatra.

King George II, of Greece, Reported Enamored of and Perhaps Even Wed to an English Widow.

By PATRICK MAHONY

WHILE his country languishes in Nazi hands, Greece's King, George II, The American Weekly has learned from a private but reliable source, is languishing in the society of a lush English widow.

A few highly placed Greeks in this country have, indeed, just been alerted by the rumor that, in a hush-hush ceremony, he has married her.

Since George's relations with his people are, to say the least, ticklish (from the Allied point of view his political escutcheon is not without blots) it has been considered wise up till now to conceal his romance.

Beyond the fact that her previous husband was an Englishman, that she is rich, beautiful and a commoner, little is generally known of her.

The Late Mrs. William B. Leeds, Fabulously Wealthy American Widow, Whose Marriage to George's Uncle, Prince Christopher (Right), Set a Precedent for the King's Romance.

George's Former Consort, Elizabeth of Rumania, Who Divorced Him During His First Exile.

When the Nazis moved in on him, George fled to Egypt, and it is there that his romance bloomed.

Nineteen hundred years ago, in the same sultry setting, Mark Antony wooed the famed Cleopatra.

Though in their case the roles of commoner and Royal Highness were reversed, the affair actually cost Antony a crown, for his amorous preoccupation gave Octavius a chance to become Emperor of Rome.

Apparently George has turned his back on this gloomy historical example, preferring to take as his model the comparatively reassuring experience of his uncle, Prince Christopher, who also married a commoner, the late Mrs. William B. Leeds.

The Greek royal family derived nothing but good from that match.

George's current flame can't boast a fortune equal to that of the "Dollar Princess" (as Mrs. Leeds was called behind her back) but in other respects is at least a reasonable facsimile of her.

So the Greek government-in-exile, far from putting obstacles in the way of his infatuation, is said to be smiling on it. His ministers, as well as he, it appears, hope for another Greek-minded Mrs. Leeds.

That there is a call for one would seem to be indicated by an incident which occurred not long ago, while George was reviewing one of his expatriate regiments. Instead of saluting in the customary fashion, the passing warriors gave him the Greek equivalent of a Bronx cheer.

The Dollar Princess' social stratosphere flight, it is true, earned her a title (official as well as unofficial) and the right to call the King of England "cousin," but it also took a heavy toll of her purse and health.

Armed with $14,000,000 in cash and the income on a trust fund of $26,000,000—all of which she had come into under the will of her late husband, the famous Tinplate King — Mrs. Leeds settled abroad.

At the close of World War I, she began her private struggle to rehabilitate the Greek royal family.

King Constantine, George's father, had been forced to abdicate because of pro-German inclinations; he and his brothers were scattered over Europe in shabby exile, while George's younger brother, Constantine, sat on the throne.

Over the objections of Constantine, Mrs. Leeds married his youngest and most personable brother, Christopher.

Almost from the day of the wedding, she began pouring out her accumulated savings in the effort to have her husband proclaimed King.

Christopher never quite made the grade, but the stream of gold did wonders for the rest of the family. It carried Constantine back to his throne, for another brief and abortive reign, and then it picked up young George, the present King, and gave him his first experience of ruling.

In the midst of all these maneuvers, the Dollar Princess, ironically enough, turned down a chance to become a bona fide queen. Seeing in her fortune a Heaven-sent opportunity to balance its budget, Lithuania offered its throne to Christopher. He rejected the offer.

Though she never achieved her great ambition, European court circles treated the former Mrs. Leeds as respectfully as though she had.

And because of his wife, Prince Christopher was referred to as though he were the head of the family.

No doubt all this was a tribute to the Dollar Princess's personality alone. At the same time it cost a lot of money. When the books were balanced, following her death in 1923, it was found that her queenly obsession had set her back in the neighborhood of $12,500,000.

Fate, which had dealt so cavalierly with her, did have the decency, however, to reserve its unkindest cut until she had been laid away. Then with one sweeping gesture it destroyed the Greek throne altogether.

King George, like his father, went into exile. In the European capitals which he frequented, he soon became known as "The Gigolo King." The phrase probably had some bearing on the decision of his wife, Elizabeth, of Rumania, to divorce him, though she obtained her decree on grounds of desertion.

In 1935, a military coup overthrew the republic, and he was given a second chance to rule. His motto this time was: "My strength lies in my people's love."

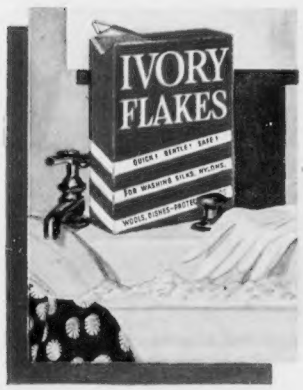
But he did not live up to it very well, and now, after the Nazi occupation, he seems to have changed the wording to read: "My strength lies in the love of an Englishwoman."

Some of King George's Soldiers-in-Exile Recently Returned His Salute With a Bronx Cheer.

"We Coverall Girls keep after-work clothes pretty—we know about

TWICE the Wear with Ivory Flakes care!"

"I JOINED THE ASSEMBLY LINE," says Wilma Wallace, reared in Beacon, New York, "when my fiancé joined the Navy. Sure, I'm well paid—but most of my hard-earned money goes into War Bonds. They'll help speed the day when my Bluejacket can sail home for keeps! Anyway, nice new clothes are so scarce and expensive, now. So, I've set my sights for twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care.

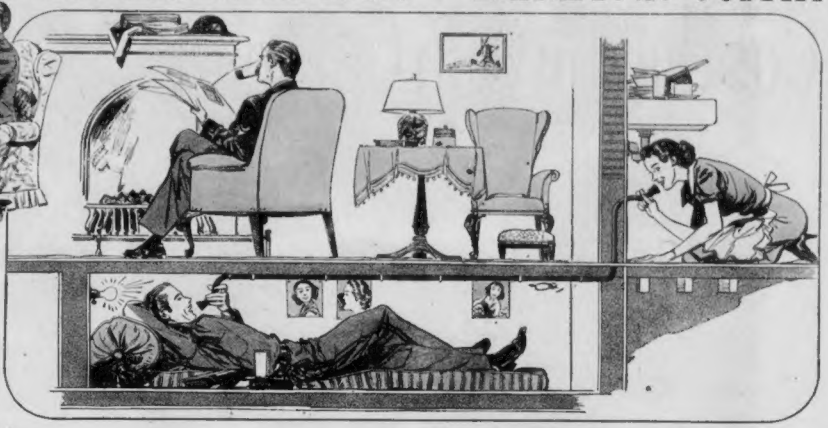


"DON'T TREAT THINGS ROUGHLY with the wrong kind of soap," warns Wilma Wallace. "Change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes." Scores of wash tests on undies, sweaters, dresses, blouses, negligées prove pretty washables give as much as twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. The flake form of baby's mild Ivory is extra safe, too—for everything needing extra care—stockings, girdles, bedspreads, curtains.

"MAKE IVORY FLAKES LAST LONGER, TOO! You're probably wasting soap without knowing it," suggests Wilma Wallace. "Stop right now! *Soaps use vital war materials. Measure Ivory Flakes* in a cup or glass. Add carefully to *lukewarm water*. Even a small amount will make a mountain of mild, rich suds."

Wash tests prove the Ivory Flakes way, helps keep "pretties" bright and gay!

Hid Her Secret Sweetie in a Luxurious Coffin



"Be Kind to Refugees," Marguerite Read. So, While Hubby Home-Guarded Other Homes—

LONDON.

LOVE sneaked up on pert Genevieve Marguerite Page. Suddenly there it was. There she was. And there he was. The problem was: what to do about it? Mr. Page, her husband, was a generous sort but somewhat stuffy about sharing quarters with his wife's lover. So Marguerite and her boy friend built a bower of love.

They built it right under the ground-floor flat where the Pages live at Shrublands-close, Chelmsford, and it wasn't their fault it was more like a coffin than the story-book conception of a romantic rendezvous. This being wartime, they made sacrifices, just like everybody else makes sacrifices.

It served very well, too. For a year and a half, Marguerite hid her lover there, right under Mr. Page's feet, if not his nose, and he emerged by day to don Mr. Page's robe and slippers.

He might be in his coffin yet if he hadn't got jealous of Mr. Page's wife while she served tea to another man. He hid, and rose ghost-like through the trap-door in the floor.

For purposes of international security, the man-in-the-coffin must be unidentified until after the war. He is a Frenchman, who deserted the troops of General de Gaulle for the hospitality of Mrs. Page, and for the record is known under the pseudonym of Louis Galtier. By any other name, he's still the guy who popped into the presence of Mr. Page's wife, like a Jack-in-the-Box, whenever Mr. Page left the house.

They met on the streets of Chelmsford — he 23, she 32. The British gave refuge to a group of soldiers who escaped from a Nazi prison camp on the Continent and Louis was among them. Everybody was being nice to the soldiers. Marguerite was, too, and soon she happened upon Louis.

With natural friendliness she invited him home and he met Mr. Page, who urged him to come often to see them.

Louis went. Mr. Page, a clerk by day, was a member of the Home Guard by night. He answered the call of duty one evening, leaving his home unguarded to guard his Home. During his absence, Louis and Marguerite, left together, kept the home fires burning.

She and Louis Built a Little Coffin, Complete With Light, Heat and Running Conversation, Via Speaking Tube. Then, Always Underfoot But Never in the Way, the Part-Time Corpse Might Feel Crowded—But Mr. Page Wouldn't.

Mrs. Genevieve Marguerite Page, Who Played Juliet for the Underground Romeo.

But a New Refugee Needed Being-Kind-To, and Up Burst the Casket Casalova From His Buried Bower—Now There's a Vacant Sign on the Floor.

It was natural, therefore, that they discussed plans to carry on, as one must in wartime, whatever the cost.

Louis proposed that Marguerite hie away with him for a holiday. Marguerite said no. What would she tell her husband? Louis said he couldn't bear to leave her, that he preferred her in his command, officer and was going to desert and come live with her. That idea hit the bell for Marguerite.

It is not quite clear how they conceived the notion of burrowing a hole in the ground for their bower. But, anyway, they did. They pulled up the flooring under a staircase and dug down 14½ inches. Louis tried the hole for size and they made it 11½ feet long and 37 inches wide.

The coffin built, Marguerite used her womanly ingenuity in lining it. However humble, it was Louis' home, which there is no place like. She padded it with velvet and piled it with pillows. She decorated it with photographs of herself lest Louis forget about her in his solitude.

Together they installed a cabinet and stocked it with tidbits for his lonesome hours under Mr. Page's feet. They ran down an electric wire and fitted it with a bulb to provide light and warmth. They rigged up a speaking tube so she might talk to him as she tidied up the dinner dishes.

Over the coffin they pulled a rug, which was fastened with a string dangling under ground in case Louis had to hole-in in a hurry.

When Mr. Page was away, Louis climbed out and enjoyed the freedom of the house. He grew a beard and a mustache and ventured to a movie in the evening when Mr. Page's Home Guard duties beckoned.

It was a cozy life. They had one or two scares when Mr. Page arrived home early from the office. But they coped with that, too. Love found a way. They fashioned a contrivance on the lock of the front door. It was so ingenious that it not only delayed turning of the key but sounded a warning as well.

The deception had its denouement the other day when Louis was lying in his grave, making like an impatient corpse. Suddenly he heard Marguerite's voice overhead and mingled with it the voice of a man, a Frenchman, no less. Louis got so jealous he burst through the floor to point an accusing finger at Marguerite.

It happened that Marguerite was simply "being nice," as she put it, to one of Louis' own countrymen. But the secret was out. It developed that her guest was a member of Louis' own fighting unit. This soldier had no Marguerite. And he talked.

The next day a detective tapped at the door of the Page household. Once inside he walked directly to the trap-door and flung aside the rug. Louis was in no mood for trifling.

"If you want me out," he challenged, "you better come and get me."

The detective was in no mood for trifling, either. He made it plain he was prepared to do one of two things: to sit above the coffin and wait until Louis was starved out or to tear down the flat around his ears. Louis went quietly.

Louis was turned over to the military authorities, which he considered preferable to being turned over to the wife he left in France. His real name was concealed in fear of Nazi reprisal against his family. Marguerite was arrested on a charge of giving aid and comfort to a deserter. In court she was sentenced to a month in jail.

Now free pending action on an appeal, Marguerite is reinstated as the full-time wife of Mr. Page. He, not one whit less generous after than he was before, has forgiven her for her marital aside. She looks upon the mad year and a half as a bad dream.

"I see now," she said as she cuddled a Persian kitten, "that Louis won an almost incredible moral ascendancy over me. I realized all the way through that whatever move I made was bound to end in scandal.

"When we found it was so easy to fool my poor husband we just drifted into the extraordinary state of affairs. I left my whole-time work and took on part-time work so I might spend part of the day with him."

And that is The Case of the Lover's Coffin.

Rich Mr. Topping's Costly Chu-Chu Game

Imagine Lucky Ruth Waldo's Surprise When Unlucky Jack Sent Her a $3,000 Mink Coat That Was Just Her Size.

Playboy Jack, Youngest of the Tinplate Toppings, Who Blew the Tin Whistle and Cried "Copper!" When He Suspected He'd Been Hornswoggled.

Jack and Ruth Were Having a Sociable Drink in a Nightclub When His Troublesome Adventure Started—Innocently Enough, As Such Experiences Usually Do.

By DAN PARKER

IT takes plenty of brass for a tinplate heir to cry "copper," but young Jack Topping steeled himself to the ordeal one day last September when he awoke, after a night in a swank gambling den, with (1) a headache, (2) a $12,000 dent in his $4,000,000 bankroll and (3) a strong suspicion that he had been hornswoggled in a card game.

The upshot of Jack's three-pronged dilemma was the recent courtroom airing of events leading up to and following the session of chemin de fer at which he claimed to have been taken for a ride. Jack is now wondering if the second, or courtroom, ride wasn't rougher than the first, for in the course of it he heard himself branded publicly as a welsher.

Perhaps Jack now wishes he had "stood in bed" that fateful morning when he picked up the 'phone, ordered his bank to stop payment on checks for $12,000 which he had lost in the card game, and then filed a complaint with the New York District Attorney's office against Aaron (Arky) Schwartz, as operator of the game.

This Arabian Night's adventure began at a nightclub one evening when Jack dropped in for cocktails with a beautiful, blue-eyed brunette named Ruth Waldo. Topping, who is only 22 and weighs almost 300 pounds, hasn't yet grown accustomed to the $4,000,000 fortune he inherited from his grandfather when he reached 21.

But, despite his adventures with his new fortune, Jack had managed to keep out of trouble until this night at a nightclub when he accepted the invitation of his friend, Ray Ryan, a wealthy oil man from Evansville, Ind., to join him in a little spot of gambling.

Accompanied by Miss Waldo, the two playboys went to a mid-town hotel where, in a 26th floor suite, they knew from experience a game would be in progress.

Chemin de fer, a variation of baccarat, was the game they chose. In French, chemin de fer means "railroad." In any language, it means "Keep off the track if you aren't familiar with the right of way."

Cards are dealt from a chute in chemin de fer and if they're not the right cards, you can hit the skids in a hurry.

But in this particular game, before Jack could yodel: "I Been Workin' on the Railroad," he was $3,000 to the good.

Just about that time, Miss Waldo expressed a desire to go home, so Jack escorted her to her hotel.

On the way home, Jack promised Ruth a mink coat.

The mink coat, picked out at random by Jack, who didn't even know Ruthie's size, arrived a few days later and fitted her like a gold tooth.

But, to get back to the chemin de fer game, which is exactly what young Topping did.

Jack's luck seemed to leave him at the same time Ruthie did. True, he drew better cards when he returned but, somehow or other, they were always topped by those of one of the other ten players.

So, Topping soon lost not only the $3,000 he had won and $500 of his own money but also $12,000 in checks which he wrote from time to time.

By this time, Ray Ryan had passed out and was sound asleep with $2,000 piled in front of him. This Topping pocketed to protect it for Ray and wrote him a check for the amount later. Jack admitted having downed six or eight highballs himself, but says his mind was clear enough to convince him something was wrong with the game, so he up and left.

When the case came up, Jack admitted that Arky Schwartz, the former nightclub proprietor who was charged with running the gambling spot, didn't take part in the game, and Ruth Waldo said she was positive Arky wasn't the man who cashed the checks for Jack. The 300-pound, six-foot playboy turned the color of a broiled lobster when he heard himself referred to as a welsher by Louis B. Brodsky, counsel for Schwartz. He also squirmed when Brodsky forced him to admit he had bought a $3,000 mink coat for Miss Waldo.

Mickey MacDougall, the "card detective," demonstrated to the District Attorney's office how a card shark, participating in a game of chemin de fer, can palm a valuable card such as a nine while the attention of his victim is distracted.

Card-swindling rings usually employ a pretty woman as the "attention distracter." While she is, oh so innocently, examining that naughty run in her stocking and the victim is, oh so innocently, watching her do it, the works are put in.

However, this wasn't the set-up in the 26th floor suite where Topping was topped. There was no femme for whom to cherchez since the only woman in the case, Miss Waldo, was Jack's friend and had brought him good luck while she was present.

However, Jack was convinced that something was wrong with the game and thereupon made up his mind to do as the Toppings always have done under similar circumstances.

How "The Switch" Works in Chemin de Fer. 1. The Sharper Hides an Important Card Like the 9 Under His Knee. 2. When the Time Comes He Palms It. 3. Sweeps Up His Hole Card. 4. Looks at It. 5. Then Drops the 9 in Its Place.

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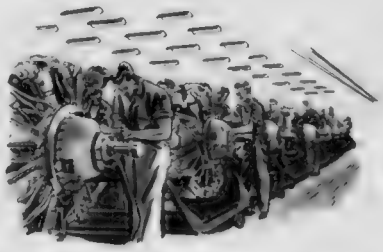

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See Your Local **CHEVROLET** *Dealer Regularly*

Thought Her Legal Battle With Her Wandering Husband Was a Private Affair, But It's Turned Into a Marital Civil War

When His Wife, the Very Social Mrs. Madeleine Townsend (Left), Allegedly Locked Him Out, Reggie Says He Was Caught in the Hall With His Pants Off by His Snooty Newport Hostess.

Reginald Townsend, Wealthy Clubman, Wearing His Disputed Glasses.

Very Odd Line-Up in the Very Social Townsend Tussle

Katherine Dahlgren Cromwell, Madeleine's Sister, Who Has Lined Up Against Her.

"WHEREVER I rented an apartment I always included a bedroom for my husband, which was always kept ready, should he decide to return."

But he never did return, says socialite Mrs. Madeleine Dahlgren Townsend, complaining of her clubman husband, Reggie Townsend.

"We'd had lunch at the Piping Rock Club," she declares, recalling the day they separated, "and we drove into New York City.

"My husband alighted at 67th St. and Park Avenue, saying he was going to have supper with his sister. He kissed me good-by . . ."

No dramatic words were spoken; there was not the slightest hint, she asserts, that this parting was to be any more prolonged or serious than any of the inconsequential ones which they had gone through before, which, indeed, every husband and wife have to go through in order to carry on with the routine business of living.

She took it for granted that Reggie would come home that night.

But since then nearly 3,000 nights have passed and still Reggie hasn't come home.

It isn't that he's disappeared, or anything sensational like that. He's still around; he even runs into Madeleine from time to time.

It's just that he doesn't want to come home.

So at long last his wife has snuffed out the figurative candle in the window, locked the door of the spare bedroom and socked him with a separation suit.

And, no doubt greatly to her surprise, this suit has started a regular civil war among the hoity toity Drexels, Dahlgrens and Townsends, aligning sister against sister, niece and nephew against aunt

Though agreeing that they split up eight years ago, Reggie has flatly denied Madeleine's version of their parting. He says that it was a mutual consent proposition and that, consequently, she has no grounds at all for demanding alimony.

Moreover, if one or the other is the wronged party, he thinks emphatically that he is it, and, in support of his view, has presented to the court some of the most extraordinary documents ever seen in a case of this kind.

They are affidavits from two of Madeleine's sisters, Katherine and Olga, from her only surviving brother, Joseph, and from her 22-year-old nephew, Wharton Hubbard, son of another sister.

All are agreed that Reggie deserves credit for having got along with his wife as long as he did.

Her aunt, Lady Decies, is the only relative who, at this writing, has undertaken to support her. She testifies to having always found Madeleine "calm and of an amiable and pleasant disposition."

Sister Olga, on the other hand, declares: "Ever since childhood I regret to say that my sister Madeleine has been subject to bursts of rage which might be directed at any one of her sisters or brothers, almost without provocation. My father described her as 'little chip on her shoulder' because she was continually at odds with other members of her family."

"She seemed to take particular satisfaction in causing Reggie physical and mental discomfort," deposes brother Joseph

Nephew Wharton chimes in: "It is my considered judgment that the plaintiff (Madeleine) is the most hypocritical person I have ever met."

And sister Katherine (who only a couple of years ago obtained a separation from her husband, Oliver Eaton Cromwell, elder brother of James H. R. Cromwell, who's currently battling with his wife, Doris Duke) has this to say

"Madeleine acted toward Reggie as she did toward anyone. Actually, she treated him much worse, since he was a more constant target for her displeasure, her angers and her furies."

Reggie heartily seconds her opinion

"I am almost completely helpless without my glasses, which are of the pince-nez type," is the sorrowful way he begins his complaint.

"My wife soon realized this," he goes on, "and when she became angry her practice was to reach for my glasses and snatch them away from me.

"Gradually I acquired the habit of taking off my glasses whenever my wife became irritated or annoyed."

Once, while motoring, he wasn't quick enough and, he says, "she threw them from the car. I managed to stop the car and while I was groping around on the side of the road, my wife slipped into the driver's seat and drove off."

Madeleine does not deny having taken his pince-nez off during a few of their "scuffles" but, she says, "it was only for the protection of my husband and myself in the event that they might be broken and either one of us cut."

Of all her direct attacks upon him, the most humiliating, Reggie says, occurred one time while they were visiting friends in Newport.

"My wife and I were dressing for dinner," he recalls. "My wife asked me to get a garment for her from a bag outside the room. I left the room for that purpose clad only in my underwear, and my wife thereupon immediately locked the door, forcing me to remain in the hall outside.

"She refused to open the door for more than an hour. After a short interval the hostess and hostess' mother found me in the hallway in said state of disattire to my great embarrassment and mortification.

Worst of all, he had his glasses this time, so he didn't miss a detail of the ladies' horrified expressions.

Fortunately, Mrs. Lucy Dresel Dahlgren, mother of Madeleine and one of the great ladies of society, has been spared the full fury of the family strife.

She died a few weeks ago when her embittered offspring and relatives were choosing up sides.

Had she remained alive, she would probably have felt that her cup of sorrow had at last been filled to the brim, for the high matrimonial ambitions she had entertained for her six daughters and two sons had met, in every case, been disappointed.

At each fresh blow, it was her habit to soothe her unstrung nerves by plucking the strings of her harp. That instrument, which she played with talent and feeling, was her constant consolation in a sea of trouble.

Indeed, it may still be.

HOW'S ABOUT LISTENING TO DOC, TO UNCLE...TO MOM!

ASK DOC!

If you're a sip-and-run breakfast-eater, you're not getting the nourishment you need. Who says so? Leading doctors and dietitians! They say that after 12 hours without food your vitality's awfully low. They say you should get at least *one quarter of your daily nourishment at breakfast!*

ASK UNCLE!

Get whole-grain nourishment—the kind Uncle Sam recommends in his Basic 7 Foods program. Get it from Post Toasties—that "boy-oh-boy-do-I-feel-swell" cereal! Chockful of whole-grain nourishment, and vitamin B_1, the bouncing, energy vitamin!

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LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.

Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

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Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

PARADISE, U.S.A.

"King Gene" Hamilton, Feared and Respected by Thousands Who've Never Seen Him, With His Wife and One of Their Many Grandchildren.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK

IMAGINE a large, well-to-do American family, living on the mainland of this United States today, to whom World War II is merely "a lot of shootin' somewhere" in an outside world which doesn't much concern them.

A family which, without ration books, can dine as often as it pleases on thick, juicy steaks, not to mention oysters and clams on the half shell, green turtle soup, grilled pompano, saddle of venison, fruits in prodigal profusion.

A family, furthermore, to cap the climax, which has no bank account, no cash, no need of any money whatsoever, yet whose daughters can wear the rarest, most expensive orchids!

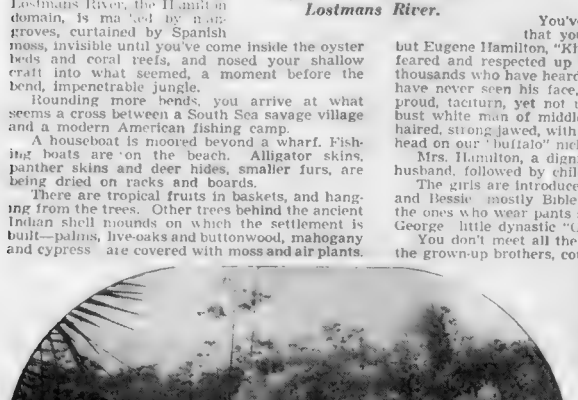
You refuse to imagine it? Well, meet the Eugene Hamiltons, who enjoy all this and have, and live for that very purpose, in a tropical jungle, subject to no rules as to [illegible] has been supported, feed [illegible] processed. We've had them now spotted in the Mid-ocean of Australian jungles.

The only approach to their hidden paradise is by sea. They live in the heart of the Everglades, way down on the southwest edge of Florida and even by sea you can't find it, except with reliable directions, or Seminole Indian guides. For the entrance to Lostmans River, the Hamilton domain, is masked by mangroves, curtained by Spanish moss, invisible until you've come inside the oyster beds and coral reefs, and nosed your shallow craft into what seemed, a moment before the bend, impenetrable jungle.

Rounding more bends, you arrive at what seems a cross between a South Sea savage village and a modern American fishing camp.

A houseboat is moored beyond a wharf. Fishing boats are on the beach. Alligator skins, panther skins and deer hides, smaller furs, are being dried on racks and boards.

There are tropical fruits in baskets, and hanging from the trees. Other trees behind the ancient Indian shell mounds on which the settlement is built—palms, live-oaks and buttonwood, mahogany and cypress are covered with moss and air plants.



Looks Like a Slice of Heaven, Doesn't It? Well, Alligators and Other Dangerous Critters Are Waiting to Get the First Fellow Who Slips.

While She Confessed Her Disgrace to Her Grandpappy, Her Brother Waited to Hear the Man's Name, Then Scuttled Away With the Tomahawk to Wipe Out the Dishonor to Lostmans River.

You've been warned outside that you may not be welcome, but Eugene Hamilton, "King Gene" as he is known, feared and respected up and down the coast by thousands who have heard a thousand legends but have never seen his face, is there on the wharf, proud, taciturn, yet not unfriendly. He is a robust white man of middle height, bronzed, dark-haired, strong-jawed, with a profile like the Indian head on our "buffalo" nickels.

Mrs. Hamilton, a dignified old lady, joins her husband, followed by children and grandchildren.

The girls are introduced as Mary, Ruth, Sarah and Bessie mostly Bible names—while most of the ones who wear pants seem oddly to be named George little dynastic "Georges."

You don't meet all the Hamiltons, for most of the grown-up brothers, cousins, in-laws, are in the jungle hunting and trapping, or fishing, taking their womenfolk and children with them.

There are said to be about 140 of the Hamilton group in all, since "Hamilton" has become the adopted designation for all who marry into it. The original Hamiltons have intermarried with Spanish, Creoles, Indians. But the white strain is dominant.

The Hamiltons are thus a "tribe" rather than a single family, with Eugene as their patriarchal head.

They have only one regular contact with life outside, but it suffices. On an island seven miles out in the Gulf is an ice-house, fish-house, trading station, maintained by the Briggs Fishing Company. The Hamiltons trade with the outside world through Briggs, by a barter system in which no money ever figures. They deliver all their fish, furs, skins to the "Ice-House," and leave orders for goods in exchange. The ice-house keeper orders the goods, pays for them with Briggs money, keeps track of the debits and credits in his ledger. And King Gene never has to bother with money or income taxes.

With abundance of fish, shell-fish, venison, bear meat, yielding the thick, juicy steaks which perhaps you envied more than the orchids, bread fruit, plantains, papayas, mangoes, wild coffee, fruits and berries in profusion, their only store-bought provisions are salt and sugar.

THEY have one other less frequent worldly contact—with the Catholic Sisters of Key West. Every year they send gifts to the convent, and every year the good Sisters respond with sacred medallions which the Hamilton children, and some grown-ups, wear about their necks.

Second in importance to King Gene is his oldest son, Joseph, around 40, married to a handsome cousin, surrounded by numerous progeny. Joseph is a deaf-mute with a primitive genius for boat carpentry and engines.

He lives in a houseboat, built with nothing to guide him but his memory of one he once saw. Seven years later a scow foundered off Lostmans. It broke in pieces, washed ashore, and from that flotsam Joseph, working like old Noah, Joseph realized his dream. Joseph has also reconstructed several small-boat motors, contrary to all the Ford-Chevrolet technique of Detroit, from rusty odds and ends taken from wrecks or found along the shore. Briggs sees to their gasoline supply because, since it's used in essential food industry.

The Hamiltons ignore rather than violate outside laws. They live by their own laws and code, based on the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments. A much-thumbed Bible lies beside the hatchet on a shelf in the tool house, and Mrs. Hamilton, Sr., assured me that all the children

—With Restrictions

A One-Family Eden With Steak and Orchids Every Day and No Ration Points or Cash Needed, But, Says Explorer William Seabrook, "King Gene" Hamilton Keeps It Exclusive With His Tomahawk and Mysterious Bones

© AUTHENTICATED NEWS PHOTOS

Joseph Hamilton, the Oldest Son, Has a Yen for Tinkering With Engines, but His Wife and Children Don't Seem to Mind.

The Family Gathers Shell Fish Near the Houseboat Home Joseph Built From a Memory Picture of One, Using Lumber From a Wrecked Scow.

knew the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments.

The original Hamilton, four generations back, was an "outlaw," and townsmen and fishermen all the way from Everglades City on the north to Flamingo at Cape Sable on the south, still say that nobody but a "Hamilton" can live in Lostmans River territory.

The Hamiltons are feared, but they are also respected, and that they merit respect is manifested by the fact that not once in King Gene's lifetime have they run afoul of outside regulations or the law. Yet the old tradition survives, and for 60 years or more they have been a living saga of the Florida southwest coast.

Hair-raising tales are whispered, mostly connected with the sinister bone-pile which gleams in the sun behind the settlement. The fearsome femurs, tibia and skulls are so obviously those of deer, bear, panther, alligator, that you smile rather than shudder when you actually see the bone-pile. It was the one thing, just the same, which King Gene wouldn't let be photographed, and I think I know the reason. The bone-pile's reputation is a fine protection for the family's gear and privacy—so long as the sheriff's office doesn't take tall tales too seriously. If its innocence were revealed, possible marauders or snoopers might imagine Gene was getting out of practice with his tomahawk—the traditional Hamilton tomahawk .round which all the family legends center

In the rude, unwritten history of the Everglades it seems the original Eugene Hamilton was a fugitive who'd fled from New England. He was a strong, violent, silent man, and not even the Seminoles deemed it polite—or healthy—to inquire into details of his history.

He was accompanied by one Alpheus Kirby and for a little while they worked on a sugar plantation, but soon made a dug-out canoe and went hunting, trapping, fishing with the Indians, in the Lostmans River region.

They met presently a beauteous Seminole maiden who, like Pocahontas, had never seen a white man. She was a descendant of Chief Osceola, and in consequence, a princess. Kirby married her and had two children.

But shortly after the second child was born, our Seminole "Pocahontas" decided she had married the wrong man. Her mistake was rectified by Hamilton with a tomahawk. He and the "Widow Kirby" then began begetting little Hamiltons, founded the Hamilton family, the Hamilton tribe, the Hamilton kingdom, on the Lostmans River mounds where the present "King Gene" reigns.

That there may still be some mysterious, perhaps ritual, association between the Hamilton clan and the last of the Seminoles is suggested by the fact that every year the settlement is left deserted while the entire community, men, women, children, babies, disappear in the trackless interior of the Everglades, to emerge mysteriously after several weeks.

Be that as it may, the traditional tomahawk, or its modern equivalent, still plays its part in the fortunes and feuds of the family.

Recently a member of the clan, a husky youth with proud, dark eyes, walked into the courthouse at Everglades City and asked to see Sheriff Roy Atkins.

"I've had a little trouble," he said, "with a smart-aleck down our way. It was about my sister. He got fresh with my sister, and now I've had a little trouble with him. You'd better go and see how he is, and then if you want me I'll be at Lostmans River."

The smart-aleck, when they found him, was a sight. The brother had worked on him with the family hatchet. They took 148 stitches in his carcass and learned that the girl's brother had told the truth about the cause of the battle. It isn't only in the Everglades that wrongs to sisters are wiped out in private battle. The sheriff never sent for the brother.

One of the queerest recent stories about the Hamiltons is the mystery of the "disappearing school-teacher."

SOME years ago the Monroe County supervisor decided to open a school for the Lostmans children.

King Gene wasn't enthusiastic. He said their mothers could teach 'em to read and write, and that all anybody needed to know anyway was the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments. But a brave little schoolteacher (male) was found and an expedition went in with a load of lumber.

Boat and carpenters duly returned to report that the schoolhouse had been built and the teacher left in charge. Having heard nothing from him at the end of the school term the supervisors asked the Coast Guard to look him up.

The Coast Guard found the Hamiltons gay and happy, but no schoolteacher and no school building either. The little teacher had "gone away," King Gene explained, and helpfully added that since a schoolhouse without a teacher was useless, there had seemed no harm in dismantling it.

Of course, there are horrific whispered tales that the little teacher reposes beneath the famous Hamilton bone-pile, but I don't believe 'em for a minute, and evidently the supervisors didn't either. There are more ways than one of tying tin cans to the tail of a cat or a schoolteacher, if you don't want him around, and my notion is that the "sinister" bone-pile, which got its reputation four generations ago in the days of the defunct Kirby, has harbored no family skeletons since.

Rare and Expensive Orchids Grow Wild in the Hamiltons' Everglades Eden.

Florida officials are as intelligent as any, and it's a safe bet that the more sinister tall stories of Lostmans River are mostly—tall stories.

The simple truth about the Hamiltons, I'm sure you will agree, is in itself, in 1944, sufficiently amazing.

"IT TAKES A LOT OF HARD WORK TO WIN A WAR"

Tired muscles, taut nerves, strained hearts are part and parcel of the job of waging and winning a war. On many a front and on many a sea—wherever American youth is on the march, on the move or on the wing—they know "It Takes a Lot of Hard Work to Win a War."

And when we at Pontiac assumed the task of producing fast-firing, hard-hitting 40-mm. automatic field guns as one of our six war assignments, our craftsmen, supervisors, engineers and executives all were fully conscious of the fact that on the home front, too, "It Takes a Lot of Hard Work to Win a War."

That's why reminders, such as the one reproduced at the left above, began appearing on our plant bulletin boards. And because the need for work—unrelenting work—was inescapable, 40-mm.'s were soon rolling out to meet the Army's need. It meant "bearing down," of course. But how insignificant our efforts seem when compared to the *supreme* effort offered—and made—by our sons, husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts in service!

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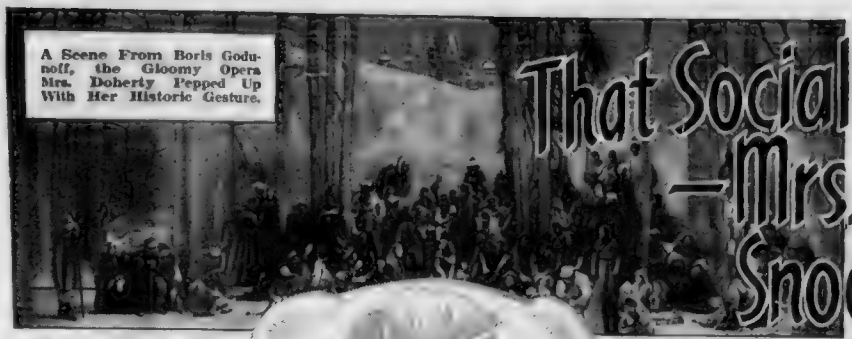
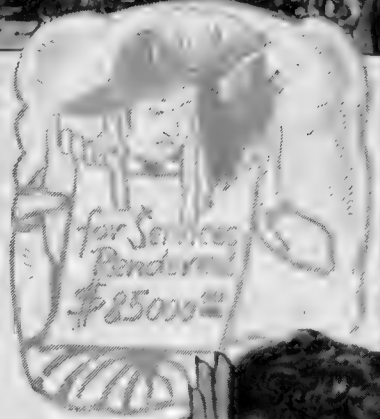


A Scene From Boris Godunoff, the Gloomy Opera Mrs. Doherty Pepped Up With Her Historic Gesture.

That Social Mystery —Mrs. Doherty's Snoot Salute

Why Did the Utilities Magnate's Widow Thumb Her Nose at the Opera Premiere? "Because She Was Thinking of Me!" Cries the Lady Who's Been Suing Her for Seven Years



As This Picture of Her, Handing Out Gifts at a Christmas Party, Suggests, Mrs. Henry L. Doherty Has Her Gentle Side, Too.

THE great question is not whether Mrs. Henry L. Doherty, widow of the multimillionaire utilities magnate, actually did place thumb to schnozzle and wiggle her fingers at the premiere of the Metropolitan Opera Company's current Diamond Jubilee season.

The remarkable photograph of her, taken in the act and reproduced on this page, proves it.

The great question is why so aristocratic a lady should have stooped to a gesture so plebeian.

When Mr. Richard Knight, the acrobatic New York lawyer, enlivened another opera opening a couple of years ago by standing on his head, the explanation was not hard to find.

He was doing it to win back his estranged wife.

Disturbed by the way she had been ignoring him, he decided that Step A in repossessing her must be to let her know in some fairly obtrusive manner that he was still among the living.

The operatic headstand followed as a matter of course.

However, it is unlikely that Mrs. Doherty was also motivated by heartbreak, for, so far as anyone is aware, there is no alienated beloved in her offing.

Nor do any other easy explanations seem to hold water.

A critical attitude toward the performance, annoyance with her companions of the evening, or simple high or low spirits would all, you'd think, have a more conventional expression.

Obviously, the whole thing was a mystery and since The American Weekly yields to nobody in its love of a mystery, it at once detailed a reporter to get to the bottom of this most intriguing one.

A visit to Mrs. Doherty's home proved unrewarding. She just simply wouldn't talk.

Her lawyer then explained, "She doesn't like the gentlemen of the press, you know."

Mrs. Doherty, in Action, Prompted Perhaps by a Vulgar Imp and the Thought of Mrs. Barr's Lawsuit, and (Left) Mrs. Lalla Fairfield Barr, Who Knew Her When.

© Daily News Photo

In this impasse, the reporter decided to call on an impasse expert, in short, a psychiatrist.

The psychiatrist displayed none of Mrs. Doherty's post-operatic shyness. In fact, he gave out on the subject of nose-thumbing for close to an hour.

"Purely a matter of suppressed desires," he began. "You see, there's a little vulgarity in even the most elegant of us. Now if you seek an explanation, you must go back to a person's early childhood...etc., etc."

All of which, the reporter couldn't help feeling, left him pretty much where he had been before, to wit, in a dilemma.

And then, just when things seemed the blackest, when, in fact, he was busy brooding over other matters, what should he stumble on but a clue!

It was an $85,000 lawsuit by Mrs. Lalla Fairfield Barr, one-time society leader, against Mrs. Doherty. After simmering away quietly on back legal burners for a long time, it was now coming to a boil.

So the reporter hotfooted it around to Mrs. Barr's home and discovered, as he had hoped, that Mrs. Barr had a theory about the historic nose-thumbing.

Though she hadn't been anywhere near the opera house at the time, she was positive that Mrs. Doherty's gesture had been aimed at her.

How did she arrive at that conclusion? Well, the thing seemed to break down this way.

The opera, which Mrs. Doherty was attending, was Boris Godunoff, by Moussorgsky. Boris Godunoff is a gloomy opera. Gloomy operas inspire gloomy thoughts. The thought of Mrs. Barr can scarcely be anything but gloomy to Mrs. Doherty, for the two have been battling in the courts for seven years.

Therefore, it seemed at least possible that the melancholy Russian music had evoked in Mrs. Doherty's mind the thought of Mrs. Barr.

And, once the thought was there, the nose-thumbing may have followed as automatically as a headstand followed the loss of Lawyer Richard Knight's wife.

To quote Mrs. Barr: Mrs. Doherty has been figuratively favoring her for quite a while with similar gestures in one court after another.

The origins of their feud are to be found in the 1920's, when Mrs. Barr, then the wife of the wealthy railroad equipment manufacturer, James Cummings Barr, was a society leader in Washington, D. C.

As such, she was in a position to make or break social careers, and Grace Doherty's, she claims, was one of those she made.

Lalla recalled how she introduced Grace to the "right people" and paved the way for Grace's daughter, Helen. The latter's father had been an official of a farm implement company.

Lalla laments that Grace misled her when she said that Doherty had legally adopted Helen as his daughter. She avers she never would have introduced her to "eligibles" had she known the truth.

Grace, at the time a widow, was employed as a nurse by Henry L. Doherty, who had $100,000,000 and a stubborn determination to die a bachelor.

Mrs. Barr takes the credit for having broken down that determination in favor of her friend.

Moreover, she alleges that after their marriage she continued her sponsorship of the new Mrs. Doherty until both the latter and her daughter by a previous husband were firmly established on the social heights.

In return for these benefactions, she asserts, Mrs. Doherty later promised to testify in connection with the prolonged and bitter litigation which, in 1932, won Mr. Barr a New Hampshire divorce.

Acting as her own lawyer, Mrs Barr has long been trying to get the New York courts to restore her marital property rights and declare her husband's divorce fraudulent.

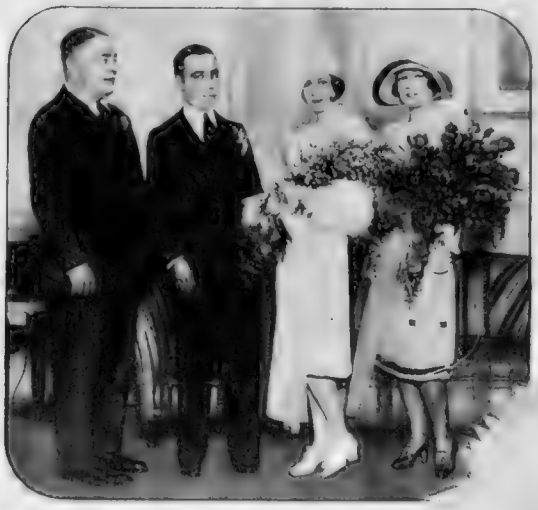
She believes that Mrs. Doherty's allegedly promised testimony would have helped a great deal in this suit.

But the testimony was never given. Mrs. Doherty, it is charged, reneged on her promise, and as a result of that and of several other asserted injuries, the by now almost destitute Mrs. Barr feels that she has been damaged $85,000 worth.

In the various courts through which all this has dragged, Mrs. Doherty has denied the allegations as steadily as, outside of court, she has seemed to ignore the allegator.

However, she must still think occasionally of her former friend, if Mrs. Barr's explanation of the opera escapade is correct.

"I Traded in My Heart" By Peggy



That Sunday Afternoon When Peggy and Blumenthal Were Married With Winfield Sheehan and Vivienne Segal as Their Attendants, Probably the Most Surprised of Them All Was Peggy Herself.

CHAPTER IX

ONLY Jimmy Cromwell, who always had a new story and a lively run of conversation, could have persuaded me out to dine that blue Sunday. And we returned early to my apartment. After a brandy Jimmy left. When the door opened and someone walked into the room about 11 o'clock I expected to see my maid. Instead, Blumey stood before me.

"I left orders to keep you out of here," I said.

"I know you did. But I've bought this building!"

"I'll move out tomorrow," I told him angrily.

It was the first time I had seen him since the night two weeks before when the announcement of our engagement, without my consent, appeared in the papers.

"You've got to marry me, Peggy. Everyone thinks you are—so you must."

I called the doorman then. He explained he could not very well escort the landlord from his own building. The elevator operator refused to help for the same reason. So, I watched Blumey parade around the room triumphantly, deaf to my pleas to leave. I felt helpless and trapped. And when Irene came in I was crying. Irene said:

"Mr. Blumey, you ought to leave Miss Fears alone! You're too old for her. Besides, her mother doesn't approve of you. If I write her how you're always here she'll make Miss Peggy come home to Texas! I'm going to call the police!"

With that Blumey picked up his hat and left. In less than half an hour Joan Clements, a showgirl I had known in "Louie, the Fourteenth," called me.

"Blumey is ill, Peggy!" Joan cried. "I found him wandering along the street, moaning your name. Won't you come to him?"

What if Blumey were ill? I should, as Joan argued, go to him immediately.

Blumey was truly a pathetic sight, with ice packs on his head. He looked up as if he were dying.

I was duly sympathetic.

"Please forgive me for everything I've done to hurt you, Blumey," I begged.

He wanly waved and said: "It's all right, Peggy."

However, next morning on my way to Columbia University—I was studying journalism during my rest between shows—I saw Blumey, dapper and healthy, stepping into his car. I realized the hoax of the night before.

That night I went to Atlantic City with Edna Leedom to forget about Blumey in the gay resort town, where Hilda Ferguson, a friend from Ziegfeld Follies days, was at The Silver Slipper.

Hilda Ferguson, a Pal From "The Follies" Days, and Nocky Johnson (Left), Known As King of the Boardwalk, Innocently Provided Peggy With a Scare She Never Forgot.

I soon met Hilda's beau, Nocky Johnson, political boss of the resort city. He could dominate men, but a pretty girl could bend him around her finger. Hilda had done that.

Nocky was king of the boardwalk and ruler of the nightclubs. He saw that Edna and I had champagne and orchids when we arrived. He invited us to dinner that first night at The Silver Slipper with Louis Grasse, former musical director of "No Foolin'."

As we were applauding Hilda's dancing I realized that a man was staring at me from the next table.

"Who is he?" asked Edna Leedom.

"Larry Fay, the gangster!" I recognized him.

"He's with the leading champagne dealer in Jersey," Hilda added. "Be careful. The girl who loves him is jealous."

Champagne was served to us—sent over from Larry Fay's table, and suddenly Larry left his table and pulled up a chair beside me, just as he had that night at Tex Guinan's.

THEN—something happened. A shot was fired! In less than a second screams and yells filled the place. Tables were upset. Women fainted.

"We can quiet the riot, Peggy!" Louis Grasse shouted. "I'll play the piano and you sing!"

From the top of a table I sang songs from "No Foolin'." Gradually the room quieted.

The first person to come over to me was Hilda.

"My God, Peggy! What courage—singing while a girl is shooting at you!"

I was down from the table in a second! "At me? Why, me?"

"Larry Fay's girl is jealous and she tried to finish you!" Hilda was trembling like a leaf.

Edna and I were on the next train to New York and Hilda was with us!

Two great bits of news greeted me on my return to the city. Blumey had completed the deal for the Roxy Theatre sale to Fox. Although his commission was a tidy sum I knew that he needed almost every dollar of it to pay old debts and put himself on a firmer financial basis. But I was elated that I had helped to further his success.

Herbert Lubin kept his word. Blumey now had a house in Larchmont—on which he could pay tremendous taxes. And Lubin sent me the small diamond and emerald ring he had promised.

I was almost as excited over Blumey's deal as I was over Jack Haskell, who directed me in "LeMaire's Affairs," offering me a job in Paris. Rosika and Jenny Dolly wanted me to appear in their theatre in a musical revue of the kind which had made them the toasts of Paris.

Jack outlined the plan colorfully one night before me and Blumey. "Isn't is a great idea, Blumey?" he asked.

"No!" answered Blumey. "No!"

Jack got up to leave. "I'll call you," he said.

"I get frantic when I think that you might go to Paris," Blumey said after a stunning silence. "This time I am certain that if you go away from me you'll never come back!"

"I thought you were over all that."

"Marry me, Peggy, and don't think of Paris!"

This time I heard my answer and it surprised me as much as it must have astonished Blumey.

"All right, Blumey: The answer is 'Yes.'" Then I added practically; "But let's wait until we are both in better financial positions."

"I can give you an allowance equal to your earnings!"

I must have loved him very much because I did not contradict and tell him that Ziggy had told me

I Climbed on a Table and Began to Sing, Hoping to Quiet the Crowd. It Was Not Until Afterward I Learned That the Love-Crazed Girl Was Shooting at ME!

about his financial status. However, we parted that night without setting a wedding date.

I dressed early for my luncheon date with the tall, good-looking Leland Hayward, literary and theatrical agent, the next day—Sunday. The door bell rang. Instead of Leland, Blumey rushed in.

His eyes were swollen, as if he had been crying.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's 'Seventh Heaven!' I've just seen Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in it. Charles is the little extra boy you had me get a contract for."

"Why has it disturbed you?"

"It made me realize that you must marry me today—this afternoon!"

"But, Blumey—I have a luncheon date with Leland Hayward! Anyway, I'd rather not."

"Leland will understand. I'll telephone him."

Just then Irene admitted Leland to the living room. Blumey broke the news to him.

"But, Blumey—Vivienne Segal is on Long Island. She's my best friend and I can't get married without her!"

"Telephone her to come right in!"

LELAND persuaded us to lunch at the Colony, and there Blumey suggested that we be married right away in his apartment at the Ambassador.

The odd thing was that Blumey kept watching me and without any happiness in *his* eyes.

"Are you sorry you're getting married?" I asked.

"I'm depressed about your black costume, Peggy. Please me by wearing the white dress I liked in the early summer."

I promised, and he took me home to change before we went to his apartment. Irene helped me into the white dress.

All the while she chanted: "Married in black, wish yo-self back...honey, this marriage is all wrong. You almost got married in black today and it's left its cloud on your love."

"Irene, stop it!" Her tears were dropping so fast. "You must come to the ceremony!"

"No, Miss Peggy. I saw your other marriage and I can't look at you marrying this man."

"Irene, promise not to phone my mother. I'll call home later."

I went to Blumey's suite. There was a crowd waiting. Vivienne Segal and her mother. Jack Haskell, Winfield Sheehan, who was to be best man. Nathan Burkan, the prominent lawyer, came over and took my hand. "I'm giving you away, Peggy," he said, "and I'll also be around if you want to be taken back."

Vivienne was laughing. Her mother was crying. Everyone else was gay.

Champagne corks began popping in a riotous salute. Blumey made an announcement. "You're invited to Larchmont to see Mrs. Blumenthal's wedding present."

A streamlined, black, imported car glided to the curb.

"This is yours, Peggy," Blumey said as we stepped inside. And we led the long procession of cars to the entrance of a three-floored Georgian house. Blumey and I stepped onto the steps and the guests followed us into the high-ceilinged, tapestried rooms, where a staff of servants bowed and organ music hung over everything.

"Peggy, this is my wedding present to you," Blumey said before everyone.

There were also a blue-white diamond ring and a bracelet of emeralds and diamonds, for me, beside the wedding cake. More guests arrived. Blumey seemed to have invited everyone.

Fifteen guests appeared at breakfast the next morning, but some returned to the city later in our car, while others stayed on.

"Let's walk in the garden, Peggy," Blumey suggested. "I want you to see the grounds—and let's look at each other in the sunlight."

In the garden, he said: "Where is your ring? Your bracelet?"

"I sent them back to Cartier's by the chauffeur," I said. "Blumey, we have to have a house and a car, and one day I want you to give me the ring and bracelet again when you can afford them."

"How dare you tell me what I can afford!" he said furiously.

It wasn't easy, but I believed I could make him understand that we were together because we loved each other.

"Blumey, dear," I said, "don't be hurt—but I've known all about your finances. Mr. Ziegfeld told me you lost everything in Los Angeles. I love you and I've got to help you."

I'll never forget Blumey's reply. "Ziegfeld should mind his own business!" he said.

There seemed nothing more to stay in the garden for after that.

We came into the house and Irene gave me a wire, which I opened. Blumey read it with me:

I WISH I COULD WISH YOU HAPPINESS YOU KNOW I HAD PLANNED SHOWBOAT FOR YOU. I HOPE THIS MARRIAGE WILL NOT STAND IN THE WAY OF YOUR CAREER

FLO ZIEGFELD

"Being your wife, Blumey," I said, "is my career."

I walked over to the fire, tore up the message and threw it on the blazing logs, where Blumey and I watched it burn in the peculiar stillness.

In her story next week Peggy Fears tells of exciting associations with famous persons in the motion picture and stage life of that period.

Science to Bomb Out Our Headache *Factories*

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL

MEDICAL science is on the trail of a headache cure. At long last, the cause has been discovered and now that doctors know what they have to cope with they are turning attention to a remedy.

The secret of pain in the head was found by Dr. Clara Torda and Prof. Harold G. Wolff, both of the staff of Cornell Medical College in New York City, and they tell about it in the Journal of Clinical Investigation. They went in search of the cause of migraine, the splitting ache that periodically afflicts tens of thousands. They located it and in doing so came upon what is believed to be the key to all headaches, whether they come from eyestrain, upset digestion or hangover.

It was a hunt with few clues. For years, physicians have been baffled by migraine and the misery it creates. Dr. Torda and Prof. Wolff, in their study of scores of sufferers, got around to the chemical composition of the body. Their excursions into the blind alleys of the human make-up took them eventually to the hormones, the chemical secretions of various glands.

Following feeble rays of light in the dark passages, they reached the kidney fluids and in those excretions, among victims of migraine, the hunters tracked down excessive quantities of hormones. The substance was extracted and injected into certain muscles of frogs to see what would happen. What happened was a spasmodic contraction and continued twitching.

From this reaction, the doctors concluded, the same thing happens in the head. They decided that somewhere in the factories of the head a chemical, which they believe to be acetylcholine, is suddenly manufactured and barges around in the blood channels like a man on a spree.

Under this condition, the blood vessels swell and the delicate nerve fibers are jarred, stretched and excited. The disturbance is manifested as pain, which travels through the nerve lines to the brain, resulting in violent headache.

There was no way of extracting the chemical demon from the head, but the doctors think they have identified it. They are certain an unnatural product of the body's chemical factory is what upsets the blood circulation and the nervous system, causing head pains and general illness.

Dr. Torda and Prof. Wolff found that chemical disorders are generated by fatigue, worry and emotional distress. At such times, with both body and mind disturbed, the fluids of the body undergo a chemical change, as disclosed by the tests with the frogs.

Even before these studies were made by the Cornell researchers, Prof. Henry Alsop Riley, of Columbia University and New York Neurological Institute, traced a relation between attacks of migraine and the metamorphosis of body chemicals after extreme mental stress.

Prof. Riley said he and his associates are on the path to effective treatment of migraine. What needs to be done, in his view, is a leveling of the circulation of blood in the head. A chemical, introduced into the blood stream hypodermically, might accomplish the purpose. Medical men are looking for something of the sort. They know the blood vessels must be maintained at normal size, neither too wide nor too narrow, to prevent headaches.

Another powerful chemical, called histamine, has been identified as a cause of migraine. Injection of a minute amount in the blood stream produces a throbbing headache within a few seconds. It has been established that histamine transforms radically the blood pressure in the head.

Many authorities consider histamine the chemical which is formed in the body by fever, infection, burns and an allergy. Anything might cause an allergy, which is the meeting of the body with a disagreeable chemical. Even some element or element of a natural food might be the means. It is believed histamine, or some such chemical, might damage the tissues of a sensitive person.

Especially in children, Dr. Riley pointed out, migraine might be manifested in the stomach as well as the head. The abdominal region might be upset and the resulting excitement transmitted to the head by the nervous system, thereby causing headache.

Studies by Dr. Herman Selinsky, of New York City, who is a member of the American Neurological Association, suggested that headaches might be relieved by going into a temper tantrum if the sufferer felt like it.

"First of all," he explained, "I would say that bad headaches seem to be tied up with the tension of the person who gets them. Somebody who is relaxed and easy-going and not worrisome and not certain that he has many responsibilities in this world is much less apt to suffer from headaches than the person who must do on a certain day everything he had to do that day."

Investigation has shown that migraine usually afflicts persons with intellectual aspirations, driving ambitions, exaggerated senses of responsibility, sensitiveness to criticism, self-righteous attitudes, meticulosity and dogmatism in argument.

The greatest emotional force in patients treated by Dr. Selinsky proved to be anger.

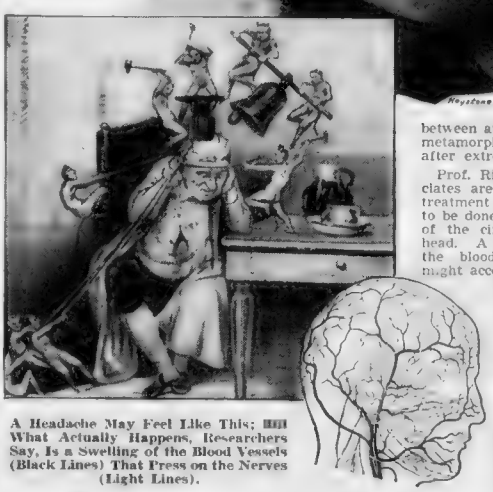
When a headache is a symptom of an ailment easily identified, such as the common cold, a fever or an infection, its cure is the same as that for the illness itself. With migraine, it is different. Doctors frequently don't know what to look for.

Migraine is a warning signal. In some cases it might be the alarm pointing to an emotional upheaval, high blood pressure, an allergic condition or even something as serious as cancer of the brain. A patient's recollection of the development of a headache is one means of a correct diagnosis by the physician.

Medical scientists have been speculating a long time on the causes of headaches. Now they have an answer in the discoveries of Dr. Torda and Prof. Wolff. The next hurdle to take is the one revealing a cure. It will be a boon to mankind, for there's scarcely a person who ever lived who never has had a headache.

Overindulgence in Worry and Emotion Such As Jealousy, Here Visualized by Artist Girod, Starts the Machinery That Generates Acetylcholine, Now Believed to Be the Cause of Persistent Headaches.

Doctors Designing a Medical Blockbuster to Blast Our Internal Chemical Plants That Generate the Newly-Discovered Stuff the Pains Are Made Of



A Headache May Feel Like This; But What Actually Happens, Researchers Say, Is a Swelling of the Blood Vessels (Black Lines) That Press on the Nerves (Light Lines).

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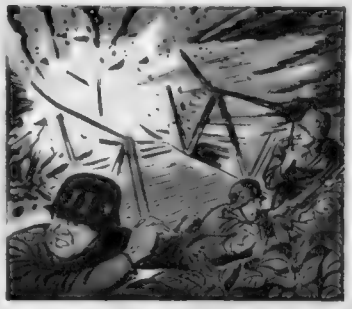
"H" hour is midnight. Yes, you're a paratrooper. You thought you were good—until you got overseas and the *final* training began. 'Chute jumps over simulated enemy objectives, hours of crawling on your belly under live ammunition . . . hours checking your gear. Now you're keyed for the big moment. *This is it!*

"Go!" shouts the jumpmaster. And you hit the silk. Then, with the sweetest jolt you ever felt, your 'chute canopies. In 15 seconds you'll drop the 500 feet to enemy territory. You're bulging with grenades, knife, compass, water, K rations—everything from sulfa pills to "ammo" clips. Brother, you're a one-man army!

You're a Tommy gunner. You cover your group landing . . . chase off a Nazi patrol with hot bursts. This allows your boys time to collect the precious, watertight boxes of "ammo" and supplies. You divide up this stuff . . . load a fresh clip of shells into your .45 or light powerful .30 . . . and hike for your objectives

Roaring toward the front, an enemy ammunition train is spotted by aerial observation. You get the report and cut across country to intercept it. No time for demolition, so you fling grenades at the wheels . . . pour in Tommy gun and carbine fire. The "ammo" train plunges wildly, catches fire. You push on.



Nazi counter-attack drives toward a vital bridge. Your comrades lay down protective fire as you move in. Then, at a 650 shots-per-minute rate, your Tommy gun really blasts 'em. And every enemy fighter hit with a .45 bullet really goes down! The Germans pull out, and your "demo squad" blows the bridge sky high.

Clearing the way into "X". Your job was to destroy communications. You never expected to capture a *town*. But here you are. Grenades get three Mark IV's. You'll wash up the snipers with Tommy guns and carbines—nothing like 'em for close work. Then, wait'll the General finds *you* sitting in the town hall!

46 stages of manufacture and 334 inspections are required to produce each bullet. Each has 7 parts. The finished bullets must be scratch-free—dimensionally exact to within .001 of an inch. Chrysler Corporation's Evansville Ordnance Plant is turning out millions of these bullets a day for our fighters the world over.

Test firing for accuracy, velocity, pressure and function is vital among the precautions Chrysler Corporation takes to assure perfect ammunition. Chrysler Corporation was the first to produce in quantity small arms ammunition with steel cartridge cases for combat use by the Army.

Chrysler Corporation plants are producing tanks, trucks, ammunition, guns and other war equipment. These *same* plants in peacetime built the Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler passenger cars and Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks now providing America with essential transportation. BUY MORE WAR BONDS.

Wanted a Happy Funeral —And He Got It

The "Mourners" Sang, Joked and Drank Barrels of Beer—But They Shed No Tears for the Man Who Had No Use for Sadness.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY old Job ("Jobey") Gaskin, a gypsy-like wanderer of the British Isles, undoubtedly was not up on modern music like "The Beer Barrel Polka," but Tin Pan Alley itself could not have selected a more appropriate theme song for his odd funeral which was held recently in a Chesterton, England, taproom.

Not one, but many casks of foaming beer were rolled out for the many jolly guests who gathered to "mourn" the departure of the aged leader of the queer sect of "Didikis."

If there can be such a thing as a "contented corpse," old Gaskin, whose remains lay in state for three days in the club room of the Green Dragon Inn, must have been pleased, indeed.

If it was the old man's desire to have a "happy" funeral, observers who saw the beaming faces of his followers gazing upon his corpse, guzzling beer, laughing, chatting, joking and indulging in horseplay, think he succeeded beyond his fondest hopes.

Even the soberest of the "mourners" did not consider that the celebration in any way blasphemed the spirit of the dear departed.

Head of the clannish sect of Didikis, or "travelers," old "Jobey" for 60 of his 73 years led his strange group of itinerant vendors over the dusty roads of England buying and selling as they went.

The nomadic traders, often improperly called "gypsies," describe themselves as "travelers" and regard the wishes of their leader as law.

Under "Jobey's" reign, the Didikis prospered unbelievably. One contingent of 80, which arrived to drink beer over his coffin, carried $5,000,000 in cash in secret pockets and waistcoats. Some of these members were not averse to mixing a little business with the pleasure of attending a funeral and when they were not drinking beer and singing turned the festivities to profit by buying overcoats and jewelry from curious onlookers.

The Didikis, who spent $700 for chrysanthemums and carnations for the corpse, provided his widow with transportation in a Rolls-Royce automobile which only two days before had been placed at the disposal of the visiting Regent of Iraq.

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
HALO GLORIFIES IT!

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water . . . leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

SAVE MORE THINGS WITH LUX!

Washday methods fade colors . . . wear things out

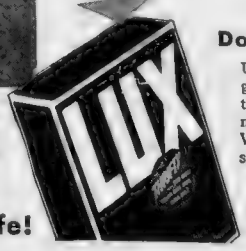
• Now more than ever take extra special care of everything you have! Make washables—rayons, cottons, nice household things—last longer with Lux care.

Actual tests prove gentle Lux care keeps colors lovely *up to 3 times longer* than harsh washday methods do. Strong soaps, too-hot water, rough handling, fade colors, fray rayons, shrink and mat woolens.

A little Lux goes such a long way. It's thrifty care, too! Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

All around the house, Lux keeps nice washables sparkling, new-looking longer—washable curtains, slip-covers and bedspreads as well as pretty cotton dresses and trim rayon blouses. It's thrifty care!

Sweaters and children's knitted things stay soft, unshrunken with gentle Lux care. Avoid too-warm water, rubbing or rough handling—these things mat, and shrink wool fibers.



Don't waste soap

Use all the Lux you need to get rich suds, but no more than you need. Don't use more water than necessary. Wash several things of the same color in the same suds.

Washables lead a l-o-n-g life if they lead a Lux life!

NEW TRIUMPHS OF MODERN MEDICINE

Sulfa...

happy homecomings for thousands of boys!

This is the tale of a nose gunner...a brave young airman on his eleventh bombing mission over Germany... who is home today, a *living* hero, thanks to SULFA.

"Like a lot of kids, I guess I did my share of griping when we had to attend lectures on self-medication with SULFA. But one day 30,000 feet over Germany, I found that the medicos' hard work and their little white SULFA pills paid me an unforgettable dividend—my life. This is what happened."

"We're leaving Emden behind and flying through moderate flak when a flight of three ME-109's lashes up at us from low three o'clock. My fire cut down the leader. Then, number two smacks into one of his own flak bursts and I'm so happy I let the third buzzard get close enough to slam a shell splinter into my thigh. Popping SULFA into my mouth is the last I remember until—"

"It is hard to believe that only three hours ago I was five miles high over Germany, for here I am in splints and a doctor's looking down at me saying, 'In the last war, this kid would probably have lost his life—or at least a leg'. Then because of those little SULFA pills and the speed and skill of our Medical Corps, I knew I would get home to see Mom, whole and on my own two feet. And I sure enough did, as you can see."

What Is SULFA?

SULFA, in the form of powder, resembles ordinary baking soda. But its harmless appearance should fool no one, for it is a giant in action. Taken orally, it streaks through the blood stream unerringly for infected wound areas and promptly and surely puts a halt to the spread of the infection.

You can understand how important this action is when you realize that in World War I about 85% of all wound deaths were caused by infection or common blood poisoning. Once this infection started, the chances of living were slim. Frequently, the amputation of a limb was the only way to avoid death and even that drastic measure often failed.

Today, SULFA is saving our boys' lives and limbs by thwarting wound infection before it can kill or cripple. Because of their strict training in self-treatment of SULFA, wounded men who once would have reached a hospital in a hopeless condition now are brought in, even 48 hours after being hit, capable of complete and quick recovery. In the horror of war, there are some bright things. SULFA for one, certainly.

A SALUTE FROM BAYER-ASPIRIN TO THE HEROIC PERSONNEL OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

Another Great Medical Triumph

Just as SULFA has been triumphant over death, so has Aspirin won a great victory over pain. Whenever men of medicine fight pain, Bayer Aspirin is known and *trusted* for its swift, dependable results.

Through doctors' advice and through the privilege of choosing the product they prefer by brand name freely and with an open mind, the American people have used more Bayer Aspirin in their homes for the quick, gentle relief of pain than any other analgesic. So for relief that's *trustworthy* and *quick*, ask for BAYER—the famous name in Aspirin

The South Seas Were NEVER Calm

Mysterious Fortifications on Tinian Island in the Lesser Marianas, Perhaps Part of a Prehistoric Civilization Long Since Sunk Beneath the Pacific.

There in the Ghostly Green Depths Jake Found His Skin Diver Writhing, Trapped in the Rubbery Tentacles of a Giant Octopus.

By CAP'N GUSTAF JOHNSON

No. 7—Pearl Poachers in the Carolines

EVER since Commodore Perry made the mistake of opening the Japanese door those Nips have been a nuisance in the Pacific. I know it—some of it first hand and some from mates who ran into the sneaking little cheaters in South Pacific isles.

Their little schooners and sampans nosed into every lagoon discovered by their betters. You'd find the grinning little monkeys hissing over your shoulder, and when you asked what they wanted they showed their teeth like baboons and said:

"So sorry, please."

There wasn't a thing we could do with them. They stole pearls right out of Australia-rented lagoons. And if you went after them alone you stood a good chance of being killed right suddenly in some secret and mighty unpleasant manner.

And let a white man go pearling near Nip territory. They'd slip a shell into you quick as light.

I didn't have much to do with them. But a mate of mine, Jake Medford, told me a yarn of Nips and pearls that'd make you spit.

It appears he had a little shell bed mapped out in the Carolines. Off Lele Island, it was, near Kusaie.

Funny thing about Lele; Kusaie, too. The natives have an old tale that says it was once conquered by the Japanese.

There are ancient fortifications all over the island, in fact, all over the Gilberts. A lot of wise men have poked about the ruins and written books that said they were part of the ancient continent of Mu that sank into the sea.

Well, Kusaie is exactly the shape of the great Jap south island called Kiu-Siu. Isn't that a coincidence?

There is an ancient language in Kusaie that is almost forgotten. But there's many a Jap word in it. Some of the place names, too, are Jap. And the people of Lele said a great nation from the northwest landed on the island and built those big walls to keep the other folk on the mainland. They had to pay tribute to the Japs and crawl on their bellies when they crossed to Lele.

That sounds like the Nips, doesn't it?

Back in the fifteen hundreds the Japs did a lot of trade with the Nan Yo, which was their name for the Pacific islands.

It's a funny thing, too, that the Nan Yo Trading Company was the headquarters for the Jap spy system in the Pacific; had branches on almost every island from Singapore to the Low Archipelago.

But the Emperor To-Kogunsama in 1640 forbade any more trading voyages. I guess he closed the door. I wish it had been left shut.

Well, anyway, Jake's pearl bed was off Lele. Lele was at one time Bully Hayes' hangout until he was chased away by a Limey gunboat. But he left his Gilbert Island crew there. They were satisfied on the island.

A bloodthirsty lot, those Gilbert men. They still have a settlement there; place called Palu. They used to put on palm toddy drunks and fight like cats.

But the Spanish governor never bothered with them. That was before the Germans tried to take the Carolines. The Germans bought them in 1899 for several millions. I bet they didn't know the Nips would steal them fifteen years later. But they've

Giant Bats That Sometimes Measure Over 3 Feet From Wing Tip to Wing Tip Infest Many South Sea Island Caves.

learned the Jap tricks since then.

Jake Medford had a small cutter and three Gilbert men for skin divers. He had a gold mine off that mountainous shore. Sent off bundles of gold lip and blue lip shell which fetched good money. Had a side line of sea cucumbers and oyster muscle that the Chinese paid a lot for. But he didn't sell his pearls. He was afraid someone'd come and swipe ...s beds. He hid his gems.

One day one of his divers, a big buck he ...led Sambo, was caught by a big octopus. Jake ...ent down for him and cut him loose. Sambo ...yed aboard to get over it; he was half drowned.

The rest of the boys took a few days off ...o get over their scare. But they didn't come ...k. He went up to Paiu to see about it, leaving ...mbo in his bunk.

Old Ti Ko, the tokosa or chief, met him.

"What name debbil b'long you?" was his ...eeting. "Man b'long me no like skin dive."

"What name debbil-talk?" Jake demanded. "No ...bbil stopalong me."

"Plenty too much," said the chief. "Debbil ...hum Gilbert man name Sambo."

Jake knew that devil talk was a thing he ...ldn't get over. But he went back to Lele to ...earch for more divers.

It was only the next day that two Javanese ...ge to him.

"We-fellow savvy too much catchim shell," ...id one. "This, my flien' good skin diver."

"You feller fearim debbil?"

"We Chlistian. No fearim debbil."

He took them out to the cutter in his canoe, ...rged their lines and watched them go down. ...hey brought up plenty shell.

JAKE left his shell in the sun all day and opened at night so he wouldn't damage the lips with ...is opening knife. That night he found a pearl ...with scarcely a mark on it. Must have been ...orth a couple of hundred quid.

Later he took the pearl from his pocket and ...started to hide it. Jake was no fool. He had a ...afe in his cabin, but that wasn't where he kept ...s pearls; he figured that a thief would steal the ...hole safe. So he hid his pearls under a plank ...neath his bunk.

While he was putting the plank back he heard ...sound and jumped for the deck. One of the ...avanese was lying on the cabin trunk.

"What name?" yelled Jake. "What name ...u stopalong aft?"

"Too hot for-rard," said the Javaman. "I ...e plenty. I sleep this side."

Get for-rard."

"Yes, tuan."

Jake wondered if the man had seen him put the pearl away under the plank.

But Sambo didn't like the new men.

"No good, Javaman," he growled. "Javaman t'ief man. Me fellow dive this time."

"Good boy," Jake said, and watched him rig up his diving paraphernalia the next morning.

He adjusted his nose clip after breathing deeply for a few minutes, slipped his foot into the rope stirrup of his weight and shot to the bottom like an anchor.

Then the Javamen went down. But inside three minutes they were surfaced, panting, gesturing and gasping something.

"What name?"

"Clam catchim," one got out. "Catchim foot."

"Out'ta the way," Jake yelled, reaching for his helmet.

HE SHOVED it over his head and grabbed the line, letting the helmet weight him to the bottom. The lines snaked up through yellow green light to the shadow of the cutter's keel far above. He stumbled on coral. Then he found Sambo. But his head had been jammed between the shells of a giant clam. He was dead.

Jake saw the lines wavering. They were cut. Shoving off the helmet, he shot to the surface. The cutter was making for the shore a mile away.

Grimly Jake set to swimming. Once he splashed in panic as a shark swerved near him. He reached the beach finally, but the cutter was out of sight. It was next day before he found her, abandoned. And the pearls were gone.

This was no palaver for the authorities, those Spaniards would steal the pearls themselves if they found them. Jake made for Paiu.

Ti Ko met him.

"Mefori," he greeted.

"Javamen killim Sambo finish," Jake said.

"Me sorry," said the chief. "Me cly too much."

"Javaman stealim pearl b'long me, killim Sambo."

"Javaman say debbil walkabout sea," yelled one of Jake's deserting divers. "Same fellow killim Sambo."

"Rouse," yelled Ti Ko, suddenly. "Catchim Javaman."

"He lefim cutter salt marsh side." Jake told them. "Makee look that side."

He left the Gilbert men yelling like fiends and ran for the marshes to the south of Paiu. He crossed them and stopped at a mission station at the base of a long hill. The teacher came out.

"Good afternoon, sar, my name ..."

"I know. You lookim two Javaman this side?"

"Javaman pass this place mornin' time," said the teacher. "They go mountainside."

Jake didn't wait for more. He ran for a narrow path between pandanus palms, crossed a taro patch and climbed to a coppice of trees. Then there was a steep climb and a ledge against a mountainous cliff. Crossing tangled jungle, he came to the cliff and in it was an enormous fissure from which came an overpowering odor and an eerie whimpering.

And beside the entrance to the cave was one of the Javamen, peering fearfully inside.

"Hey, you," called Medford, drawing his revolver. "Come here."

"Where pearls, you damn thief?" roared Jake. "You givem or I shoot plenty quick."

Then something fell on him; a paralyzing grip made him drop the gun. With a scream the Javaman jumped for him and he lay spreadeagled, his arms twisted agonizingly.

"Lemme up, you Java thugs," he grunted.

The bigger man slapped his mouth.

"You lie, papalangi," he snarled. "I am Japanese man. We are Japanese gentlemen. Thiss, Japanese territory. You are thief. I kill you one-time."

The other giggled. Jake was twisted on his face and the edge of the big one's hand descended like an axe on the nape of his neck.

Next thing he knew he was lying on something damp and soft that stank. He was in blackness, a live blackness that whimpered and squeaked. He tried to move, but he was trussed like a turkey.

Something brushed his face. He yelled. Immediately the darkness was full of gibbering and squeaking. Wings brushed him; filth dropped on him.

"A bat cave," he groaned. Those Japs had left him there, maybe to be eaten by the bats. Maybe they were vampire bats.

HE TRIED to think. If he yelled they might fly out and advise the natives there was something in the cave. But the Kusaians were terrified of bats. If he yelled too much the bats would get used to it and take no notice—until they were ready to drop on him.

Then one settled on him and he could feel its muzzle nuzzling against him.

There was a sound above the incessant squeaking. Jake yelled again.

"What name?" came a timid voice, and a light appeared.

"Mefori," Jake screamed. "Come quick, Mefori."

The candlenut torch showed him the frightened, tattooed face of Ti Ko.

"Come quick."

"I come."

Ti Ko knelt beside him, slashing at his bonds. Together they staggered out of the filthy place and Jake stopped, deathly sick.

"We catchim Javaman," said Ti Ko quietly.

They weaved along the narrow trails to Paiu. The Gilbert men, stalwart, sweating, tattooed, were already dancing about their fires. The tokosa shells were full and many were drunk and waving their toa wood clubs. A woman stabbed, screaming at a ragged heap on the ground. The rest of the women staggered in a dance, flowers in their hair, stripped to the waist.

The Japanese were both dead, clubbed.

"Where's my pearls?" Jake demanded.

"No savvy," said Ti Ko.

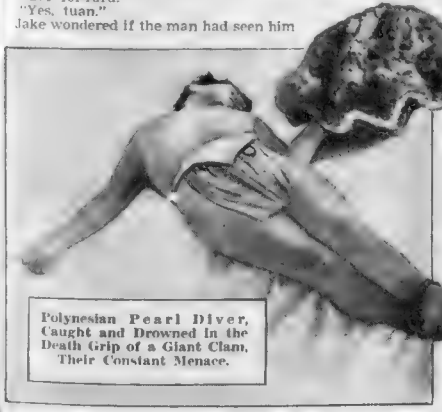
And Jake never knew whether Ti Ko stole them or if they were never found. He reported to the Spanish governor, but that half-caste just waved a dirty hand and went back to his island girl.

All Jake got out of it was several thousand dollars for the guano he scraped out of that filthy cave. But he never liked it.

"Damn near buried alive in the stuff," he told me.

Next week Cap'n Johnson tells the strange story of certain whalemen in the Marqesas.

A Caroline Beauty, Half Polynesian and Half Melanesian, as Much at Home in or on the Sea as on the Land.



Polynesian Pearl Diver, Caught and Drowned in the Death Grip of a Giant Clam, Their Constant Menace.

Your Skin's Softer, Smoother

with just One Cake of Camay!

Skin specialists prove Camay is Really Mild. Complexions grow lovelier day by day

Fresher! Softer! Sweeter! That's how your skin can be—with just *one cake* of Camay! Simply change to proper mild care... to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists tested this care on over 100 complexions...on girls with skin like YOURS! And most complexions simply bloomed—noticeably softer, fresher, clearer—with the *first* cake of Camay.

So mild...cleanses without irritation

These tests proved Camay's *mildness*... proved how it can benefit skin. *"Camay is really mild,"* said the specialists, *"it cleansed skin without irritation."* No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet brings such striking improvement to complexions. So stop haphazard beauty care... start this Camay care tonight.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Simply cream Camay over face—forehead, nose, chin. Feel how this *mild* lather seems to soften your skin. Now—rinse warm. Give *oily skins* an extra C-O-L-D splash!

Simple, isn't it?—but see how Camay's mild care, night and morning, makes skin really glow! Your very *first* cake means lovelier skin!

Mrs. Robert L. Melo

OF WOODSIDE, L. I.

"A Camay complexion brings compliments!" says this lovely bride. "See how the Camay Mild-Soap Diet can soften and smooth your skin—just *one cake* seems to work a miracle!"

WARTIME "SOAP-SAVERS"

Precious materials go into soap, so make your Camay last—2 or 3 weeks!

GET GOOD LATHER...from just a few rubs on the Camay cake. Use only what you need.

KEEP CAMAY DRY...Take it from the water—quick—after lathering. Wipe your soap dish dry.

USE EVERY SLIVER....Sew up a wash-cloth for a bathmit. Put Camay slivers inside. You'll get grand lather!

That night on watch you caught a cold

So you tried a pack of KOOLS

(And they felt so soothing)

If you liked them so much then

(When your throat was raw)

Get on the alert... smoke 'em for pleasure all the time

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

-for good!

UGLY SKIN

ITCHING—EXTERNALLY CAUSED

The unsightly itching misery of many pimples, blackheads, rashes externally caused, and eczema is relieved on contact by Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment the first time used. Then simply use as needed while nature heals. Millions have used Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment. It is time-tried and tested. Insist on the genuine Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment, 25c at drug counters or sent postpaid from E. T. Browne Drug Co., 129 Water Street, New York City. (To complete complexion beauty try Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Soap—effectively medicated—25c.

SKIN SUCCESS OINTMENT

TOOTHACHE?

DUE TO CAVITY

QUICK, amazing relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Get either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy. Follow easy directions on box. 25¢

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS

SIMPLE BLEACH? Get swift relief from pain due to superficial ear conditions with Dent's Ear Drops. Follow easy directions. If your druggist does not have these products, better order today from [illegible]

DENT'S EAR DROPS

The Bad *Black Widow* Doing a Good Job

THE lethal and short-tempered Black Widow spider may have a bad name with the general public and especially those unfortunate enough to feel her sting—but she's O. K. at the Sacramento, California, Air Depot.

This amiable attitude toward a ruthless killer is focused on one member of the savage species — a hard-working "girl" named Agnes.

Agnes was not drafted, she enlisted, so to speak because she was found beneath a trainer at the air depot. A worker pulled on a pair of heavy gloves, picked her up gingerly and turned her over to an expert in the optical instrument section.

This man puts the extremely fine cross hairs on gun sights and other gadgets that give our bombers and fighters plenty of sting. He was glad to see Agnes and put her right to work spinning spider silk for the instruments he repairs.

Agnes' boss places for a little Plexiglas house and feeds her one drop of water a day. Others around the place grab every live fly they see. Black Widows dote on these pests.

Now and then Agnes catches a fly on her own. The exercise is good for her — and, what's more important, she manufactures more silken strands of web when she can be her natural killing self.

Soon after Agnes wandered into her defense job someone turned up with a boy friend for her. They called him Elmer and had the romantic inspiration of letting him spend the night with Agnes.

Elmer may have had one night of love. Only Agnes knows and she won't tell. Elmer can't talk, because Agnes murdered him.

The man for whom the killer works was not greatly surprised at her cold-blooded behavior. He knows that Black Widows are notorious for hating their husbands.

American Weekly Patterns

PATTERN 3672—Beruffled apron. Sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 1⅞ yards 35-inch fabric.

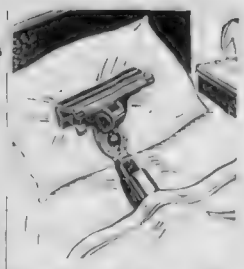
PATTERN 3658—Kiddie two-piecer. Sizes 2 to 10. Size 6 requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch fabric and ¾ yard contrast; bodice top, ⅝ yard 35-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3671—Easy-to-make button-front. Sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 35-inch fabric.

EACH PATTERN together with a transfer pattern of charming motifs to embroider on linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS.

Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 60[illegible] Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.



Don't let it lie idle any longer!

Schick Injector Blades ARE BACK!

Happy shaving, Schick Injector owners!

Tomorrow morning you can bring that smooth-shaving razor out of retirement. Your blades are at your dealer's . . . today!

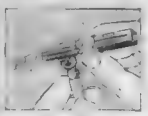
No need . . . any longer . . . to settle for a less-than-perfect morning shave. We're now able to meet all demands for keen-edged Schick Blades, civilian as well as military. So . . .

It's back to work for the razor that made shaving history

Once again your morning shave can be a pleasure instead of a chore, thanks to these revolutionary Schick Injector features—the only basic improvements in safety razor design in over 35 years:

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one in a jiffy. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.



SOLID GUIDE BAR

. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

P.S. Spread the good word that these blades are back and—if you own a space Schick Injector Razor pass it along to a friend. He'll thank you for real shaving comfort and ease. We'd like to introduce him to the Schick Injector Razor ourselves . . . but we still can't get the material to make new ones.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.

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We will elegantly print anyone's name and address, business or personal style, on 60 sheets of crisp, new Antique Bond Stationery and on 20 matching envelopes. All for only [illegible] If you send [illegible] four or five different [illegible] Money-Back Guarantee. Send no Money on $1.00 order. Just pay [illegible] handling, or send $1.00 and we [illegible] Mail must accompany $2 orders. Western Stationery Co., Dept. 108 Topeka, Kan.

For New Glamor
–the only "COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder in the World

BANISH misfit make-up! Be your loveliest! Simply choose your *correct* colors from the Park & Tilford Shade Selector below. It's America's most sensational beauty discovery! Park & Tilford Face Powder is *vacuum-sifted* to super fineness... *stays on* for hours ...never cakes. $1, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ purse sizes at drug, dept., and variety stores. Buy Park & Tilford Face Powder, for *new* glamor... *today!*

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GROUP 1 (FAIR) GROUP 2 (MEDIUM) GROUP 3 (DARK)

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In YOUR GROUP choose the *darker* shades for *daytime*, the *lighter* for *evening*

PARK & TILFORD
"COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder

In words and pictures The American Weekly relates the great happenings of the past, today and tomorrow so that all can understand.

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MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away it starts to *cleanse* and *soothe*. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES · REFRESHES

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Say Goodbye to that CORN!

Get instant relief from painful pressure . . . remove corn!

● Don't home pare! Whittling a corn gets only the *top*, usually leaves the core behind. If you want to say goodbye to that corn, use Blue-Jay! It works 2 ways: the pad gives instant relief from pressure; the medication softens the corn so it can be *removed*—*with the hard core*. Get Blue-Jay at any drug or toilet goods counter today!

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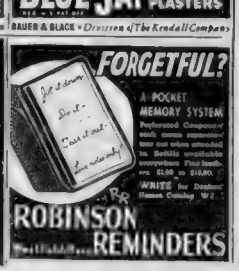
BAUER & BLACK • Division of The Kendall Company

EXTERNALLY CAUSED
RASHES
Try Prompt Relief This Easy Way!
For unsightly, externally caused blemishes, Cuticura contains tested medical ingredients. Soothes, helps relieve promptly. Buy today! All druggists. For FREE Ointment sample, write to Cuticura Dept. A-29, Malden, Mass.
CUTICURA OINTMENT & SOAP



Never Too Old to be a Crook

WHEN morgue attendants recently nailed down the top to the plain pine coffin of Stephen A. Dutton and shipped the box off to potter's field, New York City's cops gave a unified sigh of relief.

The death of old man Dutton, the Methuselah of the underworld—meant that the longest game of cops 'n' robbers on record was finally at an end.

To call Dutton, who hit the ripe age of 103 before pneumonia finally did him in, a seasoned crook would be nothing short of crass understatement.

Ever since the days of Abe Lincoln the bluecoats have been putting his autograph

Some of the Worst Culprits in the Annals of American Crime Are Bearded Oldtimers Who Haven't Improved With Age.

on precinct blotters and jailers have checked him in and out of the lockup.

Although Dutton apparently tried his hand at everything that was crooked, he was at his best when he was forging a check or trying to put over a phony deal.

No piker, he always played for high stakes—$150,000 from a Washington matron, $600,000 from the late frugal Hetty Green on a dock venture, and a similar amount from the late H. O. Havemeyer, the sugar man.

Not all of his forays into skulduggery turned out as he had planned, however, and he spent 22 years behind bars before he was 70.

Although old age seemed no handicap Dutton, in later years, turned from subtle forgery and artful swindling to cruder methods of crookedness—such as in 1941 when he was picked up on suspicion of swiping a three-ton paper cutter.

Dutton, although entitled to the dubious honor of having been the oldest crook in America, had contemporaries.

Old "Diamond Dick" Fisher, who earned his nickname as a crafty gem-snatcher, was celebrating his 83d birthday when cops picked him up the last time and "Lewis, the Plunger," another ice-lifter, was 63 when the judge sent him off for a 15-year stretch. Chicago's famous "Yellow Kid" Weil was still pulling his slick swindles after 70.

MECHANICS fight infection with Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE

Wrench slips and Joe bangs his knuckles . . . or he gets a nasty cut from a sharp, projecting cotter pin. There are a thousand ways to get cut or scratched in a shop, no matter *how* careful you are. And every tiny skin break *may* become *dangerously infected* . . . unless it's treated *immediately*.

Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE gives you the added protection of *sulfathiazole* for every minor cut, blister, and abrasion. Have several boxes handy all over the shop. Buy Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE at your drugstore today. It's the 30-second way to fight infection.

A Product of BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago

Which will you sacrifice . . . your money or a soldier's life? Buy MORE War Bonds.

Ask for Curity HANDI-TAPE Adhesive Bandage

Protect them *for a penny a day*

DOES your child catch cold easily? Suffer from nervousness, fatigue, poor appetite? If a day is all it costs to build him up with Kent Vitamins A single capsule supplies minimum daily requirement of A, B_1, D If grocer can't supply, mail coupon

A Food Supplement
AT YOUR GROCER'S!
Outstanding Value
OVER 7-WEEKS SUPPLY
Only 50¢

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Please send me prepaid one 50-capsule bottle of Kent Vitamins A, B_1, D I enclose 50¢.

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Address _____
City _____ State _____

Easy Way TINTS HAIR as it shampoos

This discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease and safely gives hair a smooth, colorful tint that glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt off-color hair a minute longer. Tintz works gradually each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. Full cake only 50c. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents.

TINTZ Black • Light Medium Dark Brown • Auburn (Henna) • Blonde 6 SHADES 50c

COLOR SHAMPOO

REAL LOVE at Last! DON'T LET UNWANTED HAIR RUIN ROMANCE

You, Too, Can be Happy!

AVOID THE EMBARRASSMENT of superfluous hair on face and legs. I found a way to bring me happiness and I shall be glad to pass this knowledge on to you for the asking. Now, no one can tell by looking at me that I have ever been troubled with unwanted hair and if you follow my advice, no one need know your superfluous hair problem. It's all done so simply daintily, and painlessly that you'll be amazed.

FREE... *Send No Money*

Write for my FREE *book "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem," which gives the information you must have to be thrilled with the way in which Mme. Annette Lanzette, America's foremost authority on the removal of unwanted hair, has helped thousands of women to be lovelier.*

MADAME ANNETTE LANZETTE, P. O. Box 4340 Merchandise Mart, Dept. W-33, Chicago 111.

Mom, now I know what you always meant about getting the collar and cuffs clean!

Say, why *do* collars and cuffs get dirtier than the rest of the shirt?

You'd have laughed to see us fellows washing our own clothes by hand! We had to do it until somebody up Top sent us a Thor Washer—the kind Katherine has.

We stand in line to use it, of course. You'd think we were waiting for tickets to the World's Series. It's just as much fun. I wish you could see how clean it gets my collars and cuffs.

* * *

The only Thor Washers that can be made now are going to the boys in service. Don't be surprised if a boy in Greenland or Africa or the Pacific tells you there is one at his camp! And you won't begrudge him the comfort and convenience of a Thor, even if civilians will have to do without for a while longer.

After the war there will be a Thor Washer for *you*. Our engineers have completed plans for a Thor Automatic Washer that does *everything* automatically. You've never seen anything like it.

So buy more and more war bonds *now* to hurry the day of peace—and then one of these marvels can be yours.

you'd think we were waiting in line for tickets for the world's series!

HURLEY MACHINE DIVISION

Electric Household Utilities Corporation, Chicago
Plants in Chicago and Bloomington, Illinois, Toronto, Canada; London, England

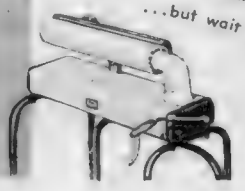
Ask your Thor Dealer to let you sign his Thor Priority Register for one of the first Thors when civilian production is resumed.

Here—→ under wraps... is the grandest THOR Washer of all... to be ready for you after the war!

The famous THOR WASHER that has made wash day a happy day for millions of women!

Thor

The THOR GLADIRON... women said it couldn't be improved ...but wait and see!



GREAT TONIC { For Convalescents

READ THIS! HOW VALUABLE TONIC HELPS TONE UP SYSTEM

If you're convalescing after a cold or illness, you want to help recover more quickly, don't you? Then try Scott's Emulsion. The Vital Elements in Scott's—*natural* A & D Vitamins—help [illegible] build stamina and resistance if deficiency of such vitamins exists in diet! Thousands upon thousands buy Scott's Emulsion—it *must* be good! Buy a bottle today and see what great benefits it can offer.

Do this: simply take good-tasting Scott's daily. You'll discover why many *doctors* recommend it! After recovery, continue taking all year 'round to *help tone up system.*

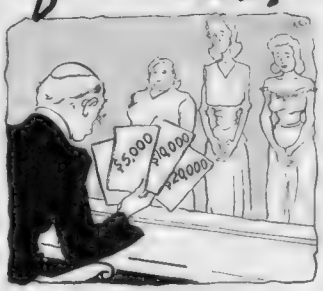
Why Scott's Emulsion Is Better!

1. Rich in *natural* A and D Vitamins—valuable food supplement and tonic.
2. *Exclusive* process promotes its digestion and assimilation.
3. Good-tasting. Economical.
4. Four times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil.

Try SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic For All Ages

Authorities often quote The American Weekly.

Just How Much Is a *Wife Worth?*



One of the Toughest Jobs That Judges Have to Do Is to Decide the Cash Value of a Wife's Services to Her Husband.

WHAT'S the value of a wife? One would think that the relationship between a husband and wife was of so delicate and intimate a character that nobody could ever assess it in terms of money. Yet that is what juries are called upon to do almost daily.

The situation arises when a husband sues for the death of his wife as the result of an accident. In these cases, surprisingly, all that the husband can recover is the pecuniary value of his lost spouse—that is, the loss he has sustained of a housekeeper and the mother of his children, if any.

There can be no recovery, the laws of most States hold, for the loss of companionship which often is the most grievous blow to the surviving husband.

But the other day, the New York State Court of Appeals added a new difficulty for juries in determining how to evaluate such damages.

The whole thing arose from a case brought by Dean Yankovich, a 56-year-old restaurant man, whose wife Rose, 58, to whom he had been married for 22 years, met her death in an accident caused by the New York City Omnibus Corporation.

At a trial in Supreme Court before Justice Koch a jury awarded the husband $12,000.

During the proceedings the bus company tried to show the jury a will which had been made out by the wife a few months before the accident in which she showed considerable bitterness towards her husband.

"Whereas I have been," the will read, "a faithful, dutiful and loving wife to my husband, Dean Yankovich, and whereas he reciprocated my tender affections for him with acts of cruelty and indifference, and whereas he has failed to support and maintain me in that station of life which would have been possible and proper for him, I hereby limit my bequest to him to one dollar."

In ruling out the will Justice Koch took the position that so long as the husband and wife were living together, the state of their affections didn't matter, as the law forbade any recovery for deprivation of affections.

But in an appeal by the bus company, the Court of Appeals, which is the court of last resort in the State, set aside the verdict.

The wife's will, the court said, should have been shown to the jury, not for the assessment of loss of affections, but for them to consider what kind of service Yankovich might have expected from his wife in view of her hostile feelings.

That, the court held, was a material element in the damages, because the aid and assistance rendered by a loving wife was of a different character from that offered by a bitter spouse.

In setting aside the verdict, the Court of Appeals ordered a new trial with the will admitted into evidence.

Lawyers point out that the high court's ruling in effect will transform many a death case into a matrimonial suit.

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

When youngsters abuse their stomachs, don't make matters worse by giving overdoses of antacids or harsh, drastic physics!

Try giving gentle, soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help relieve stomach upsets caused by over-indulgence, change of diet, nervous, hasty eating, or bad combinations of food. It's pleasant to the taste! *Get a bottle at your druggist today!* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol
Norwich

The American Weekly Is "The Nation's Reading Habit"

UNKISSABLE— Because of BLACKHEADS

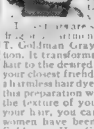
What a bar to romance, those little pits of grime! But here's an effective way to remove blackheads resulting from improper cleansing:

Spread on Pompeian Rolling Massage Cream. Then massage vigorously. Watch! It cream-looking pink cleanser [illegible] as it rolls off. Your [illegible] lifts off a [illegible] of oily dirt from pore orifices. Pompeian Rolling Massage Cream aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes. Your skin becomes radiantly clean, it glows with life and color!

A Pompeian Massage costs so little—less than 2c a treatment, yet it can mean so much! See if it isn't just what your skin needs to keep it clean and fresh. At your favorite drug or department store.

POMPEIAN
ROLLING MASSAGE CREAM

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE



You know that gray hair spells the end of romance [illegible] Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit—so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 134 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Send free sample. Check color.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name .....
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BLONDES
All Shades All Ages

New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights. Safe for children's hair. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

The American Weekly is tops.

SORE FEET FEEL FINE

When You Do This at Night

For 10 minutes tonight, soak your sore, raw, itching feet in the rich, creamy lather of Sayman Wonder Soap—and pat dry with a soft towel. Then smooth on gentle, medicated Sayman Salve—and [illegible] watery blisters, [illegible] the sore, raw skin. [illegible] and shoot with pain for comforting relief. Two sizes, 25c and 50c. All druggists.

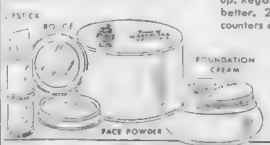
SAYMAN SALVE

Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

Merle Oberon
in the 20th Century Fox Picture
"THE LODGER"

Perc Westmore, Hollywood's Famous Make-up Genius

The Westmores — Perc, Wally and Bud — not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream.



House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up. It gives you a lovely, attractive beauty — goes on smoothly and real stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades of Westmore Make-up. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better. 25¢ and 50¢ at toilet goods counters everywhere.

House of WESTMORE MAKE-UP

QUILT PIECES Beautiful New Prints

1000 Yards Thread FREE! SEND NO MONEY

Large colorfast pieces, 3 lbs. (26 yds.) only 97c plus postage. Sent C.O.D. Money-Back Guarantee. FREE of extra cost — one thousand (1,000) yards good white thread FREE, and 16 lovely quilt patterns FREE with order. Send no money just mail a card TODAY. Act NOW!

FREE! 1000 YARDS THREAD

REMNANT SHOP, Dept. 348, Sesser, Illinois

BRUSH TOP SPOT REMOVER

BRUSH SPOTS from dresses, suits, uniforms, coats, hats and ties in a jiffy. Keep rugs and upholstery fresh, clean and [illegible] Just brush spots away! Ask for and be sure you get Sayman Wonder Soap Spot Remover.

SAFEWAY CHEMICAL CO. Non-Explosive
10¢-25¢

Just BRUSH spots away!

SHE: "It's so hard now to get enough fruit into my meals"

DEALER: "Not when you buy the SEEDLESS ORANGES with the HIGH-VITAMIN JUICE!"

California Navels not only give you more health per glass... they're ideal for lunch boxes, salads and desserts.

The Navel means SEEDLESS

FROM NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Sunkist

CALIFORNIA *Navel* ORANGES

BEST FOR JUICE - *and Every use!*

You get the real "California flavor" in Navel Orange juice—and more vitamin C per glass. Five years of independent scientific tests prove it. A 6 to 8 ounce glassful gives you a day's normal need. California Navels have the *High-Vitamin* orange juice!

You get more vitamin A, too! The naturally rich color of California Navels shows it. *California* oranges are the only ones known to be good sources of this vitamin. They also give you valuable amounts of vitamins B_1 and B_2 (G), calcium and other minerals.

Let canned fruits be rationed! Navel Oranges are *seedless* and easy to peel and slice or section. They are made to order for fruit cups, salads and desserts. Everyone likes them between meals—or to top off a healthful box lunch.

Avoid waste by keeping oranges in a cool, well-aired place; avoid freezing. Serve Seedless Navel Orange juice unstrained, or stir the healthful pulp through a coarse sieve. Save shopping trips by ordering a week's supply of trademarked Sunkist Navel Oranges. They are good "keepers"—the finest from 14,500 cooperating growers in California and Arizona. Best for Juice—*and Every use!*

Copr., 1944, California Fruit Growers Exchange

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Make Them Your Gift — EASY!

Hats, accessories, gifts, sweaters, doilies, edgings . . . hundreds of smart, inexpensive patterns in these beautiful books . . . just 10 cents each at your favorite art needlework or notion counter — or mail special offer coupon today!

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VITAL to Home Sewers

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SPECIAL OFFER! Your choice of any 6 books for 50¢

Needlecraft Co., Dept. 404, Newark 11, New Jersey

Enclosed is 10 cents for the 6 books checked. Send me the books checked and enclose 10 cents for each copy.

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Name. (Please print)

Address. State.

COLDS' COUGHING ON INCREASE HERE

Simple method suggested to ease these discomforts of colds—

Colds are striking everywhere, leaving miseries of chest muscle soreness—and coughing. Act promptly. Get Penetro. Rub it on throat, chest, and back. Penetro is a salve with modern medication in a base containing old-fashioned mutton suet. It works two ways: (1) Outside, eases pains, muscle tightness. (2) Inside, vapors soothe colds' irritated nasal membranes. Clean! White. Stainless. 25c. Double size 35c. For real relief from these colds' miseries demand Penetro

REMOVE AS MANY SPOTS AS YOU CAN

from many kinds of clothing, fabrics, drapes, upholstery—with Mufti, the multi-use spot remover. A favorite cleaning fluid for over 25 years. None better for general home use. Save time and money—clip coupon below and learn how cleaning is made easy by using Mufti at drug, dry goods and 5-and-10 stores.

Mufti

THE MULTI-USE SPOT REMOVER

St. Joseph ASPIRIN

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

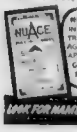
BEFORE THEY'RE LOST SAFELY MOUNT THOSE PRECIOUS SNAPSHOTS IN ALBUM WITH NUACE CORNERS

NUACE GUMMED CORNERS

YOU'LL NEVER GET THOSE SAME SNAPSHOTS AGAIN SO MOUNT THEM NOW WITH NUACE CORNERS.

Only 10¢ at Black, White, Gray, Green, Red, Sepia, Ivory, Pink, Blue, Victory, Gold & Silver, at 5¢ & 10¢ stores, Drug, Camera & Department stores

ACE ART CO., READING, MASSACHUSETTS



NUACE COSTS NO MORE THAN INFERIOR IMITATIONS SO DON'T TRUST THE LOOKS OF THE PACKAGE, BE SURE THE NAME NUACE APPEARS ON THE FRONT. IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF MORE VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY, BY FAR!

LOOK FOR NAME NUACE ON PACKAGE!

Housewife's Food Almanack

By MIGNON FIRMIN, Hobart, Indiana.

"Down on the Farm" PORK RECIPES

WHEN it's butchering time down on the farm, old-fashioned pork recipes are in order. Here are some favorites of mine that have certainly added variety to my meals, and I hope many other American housewives will find them useful.

Potato Sausage

2½ lbs. pork
½ lb. pork trimming
3 large potatoes
1 large onion
Salt, sausage seasoning are optional

Cut the pork and fat in small pieces, peel and wash potatoes and onion, grind all, add salt, and stuff loosely in sausage casing. Twist about every four or five inches, tie the ends, place in a kettle with water to cover and cook slowly for about 40 minutes. (Save the liquor for vegetable soup.) It is now ready to serve, but if you prefer it browned place under broiler flame and turn for a few minutes.

Tamale Gems

1 cup white cornmeal
1 tablespoon lard
12 blanched chopped almonds
1 pork sausage for each corn gem
½ cup beef broth
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 hard cooked egg (chopped olives may also be added)

Mix cornmeal with salt and fat, add enough hot water to soften to a thick, smooth paste, line small greased gem pans with the mixture, using the back of a wet spoon, brush with melted fat and bake. When the gems are baked, place in each a fried pork sausage. Now heat the broth, vinegar, chopped egg and almonds, pour over sausage and serve.

Liver Paste

1 lb. pork liver, sliced
½ lb. fat pork, sliced
Salt to season
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ teaspoon white pepper
1 small chopped onion
½ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ cup water

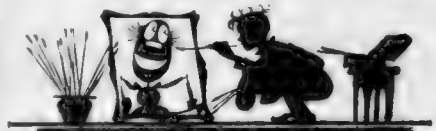
Fry the pork and liver slowly or until done but not too dry. Cut in pieces and grind, add onion, seasoning, moistened bread crumbs and lastly the egg. Mix well together, and press into a small pan or bowl. This makes a delicious sandwich spread.

Chicken Pork Loaf

1 large hen
3 large pig's feet
Pimento and pickle
Salt to taste

Boil the hen until tender, (reserve the broth), boil the pig's feet in water to cover, add a little vinegar, salt and sugar, a few pickling spice. When tender remove all the skin and bone from the chicken and cut in small pieces, remove all bone from the pig's feet, add to the chicken. Place in a square loaf pan. Now strain over it the liquor from the pig's feet, and stir in a bit of chopped pickle and pimento. Allow to jell and serve on lettuce leaves. This is a delicious Sunday evening or guest dish and will keep indefinitely if you wish to prepare it ahead of time.

"Turkish Ices" Were a Great Treat at Court Banquets in Queen Elizabeth's Time. In 1585 a Quart of Flavored Ices Cost $30.



MACARONI CUSTARD

"MY husband is a wonderful cook," writes Mrs. Elsie Jones, Haskell, New Jersey. "In fact, he taught me how. This is one of his favorite recipes which I use quite often these days.

1 cup uncooked macaroni
1 medium onion
1 green pepper
¼ cup margarine or butter
1½ cups scalded milk
1 cup soft bread crumbs
3 eggs
1 teaspoon salt

"Cook the macaroni until tender. Cook chopped onion and pepper in butter until soft but not brown. Pour hot milk on bread crumbs and add onion mixture. Add well beaten eggs and salt. Pour over the macaroni and bake in a moderate oven until firm. The baking dish containing the macaroni mixture should be set in a pan of hot water while baking."

(Mrs. Jones, Your Macaroni Custard pleased every one of a group of young War Brides. We followed your directions carefully and turned it out of a greased ring mold, set in a pan of hot water, and baked it in a moderate oven until firm. We turned it out on a hot platter and filled the center with well seasoned creamed mushrooms and garnished the platter with crisp watercress. They were delighted when we explained that it is a very easily prepared "company dish."—Mary Lee Swann.)

AN UNUSUAL SALAD LUNCHEON

2 slices bacon (cut fine)
½ cup vinegar
Salt and pepper to taste

"Crush the garlic clove and rub over the bowl. Add the cut-up endive, onion and parsley. Season. Brown the bacon, allow it to become crisp and add the vinegar to it. Cut up the boiled hot potato. Add to the salad with the bacon and vinegar and mix well. Serve at once and watch it disappear."

"IT HITS the spot! That's what my family says every time I serve them endive salad," writes Mrs. Marcella D. Harder, Tacoma, Washington. "Try it and see if you don't receive repeat orders, too.

1 head endive or lettuce (washed and crisp)
1 clove garlic
1 medium size onion (grated)
1 large boiled Irish potato
6 small sprigs parsley

(Mrs. Harder, your recipe surprised the women who sampled it for us. They "had never heard of such a thing" but they all seemed to like it. One woman reports that she could not get endive but had tried lettuce and likes it equally well. She thinks the combination of crisp bacon, bacon fat and vinegar very delicious and the hot boiled potato gives a little "body" to the salad which pleased her hungry family.—Mary Lee Swann.)

DEVILED HAMBURGERS

"SERVED with crisp potato chips, deviled hamburgers make a luncheon or light supper," writes Mrs. Ward C. Jervis, Somerville, Massachusetts.

1 lb. hamburger (ground beef)
1½ teaspoons mustard
2 tablespoons chili sauce
1 teaspoon minced onion
1½ tablespoons prepared horseradish
1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
8 slices bread

"Combine the above ingredients and spread on slices of bread. Broil for 8 minutes at moderate heat and serve hamburgers immediately."

(Mrs. Jervis, those who like highly seasoned quick lunches will appreciate your suggestion. We asked a group of hungry hikers to sample your hamburgers de luxe. With them we served piping hot coffee and "glazed apples on a stick" and several of the boys said it was an ideal combination for a cold day.—Mary Lee Swann.)

MOCK STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

"ALONG about this time of the year, my family begins to have a yen for strawberry shortcake," writes Mrs. B. H. McLead, Tilton, Georgia. "Since I can never obtain strawberries, I have originated what we call 'mock strawberry shortcake' and it never fails to please all of us.

"Grind one cup of raw cranberries twice, saving all the juice, grate 1 raw apple (peeled), add 1 cup crushed pineapple and 1 cup sugar, and place in the refrigerator for several hours.

"When this is used with a crisp pastry or a simple cake, it tastes so much like real strawberries you'll be amazed. The tiny seeds even make it look like the real thing."

(Mrs. McLead, we are very grateful for this recipe for "Mock Strawberry Shortcake." With rich biscuit shortcake and mock strawberry filling pleased a group of United States Marines who spent a few minutes in our Test Kitchen.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Roman Fisherman of the Second Century Sailed the Norwegian Coast to Catch Herring Which Were in Great Demand in Their Country.

STUFFED ONIONS

"HERE'S a recipe I think some of your many readers will try and thoroughly enjoy," writes Mrs. Helen Channell, Cleveland, Ohio. "The recipe is for five but it can be varied. Here is the way I make it.

5 large onions
3 tablespoons fat
½ cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 cups bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

"Skin onions and boil in salted water until nearly tender. Drain and remove the centers, keeping the outer part in shape. Chop the centers fine. Melt two tablespoons of fat in a frying pan, add the chopped onion, celery and parsley and cook a few minutes. Push these to one side of the frying pan and melt the remaining fat and add the bread crumbs, seasoning and then combine with the vegetables.

"Fill the onion shells, cover and bake in a moderate oven for about one-half hour or until the onions are soft. Remove the cover from baking dish during the last part of the cooking so that the onions will brown nicely."

(Mrs. Channell, your Stuffed Onions are a little trouble, but the women who sampled them for us agree with us that they are worth the extra effort.—Mary Lee Swann.)

$10 for Your Prize Winning Recipe

If your original recipe is accepted and published here you will receive $10 in War Savings Stamps or cash. Send in that recipe now. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

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Congratulations, Mrs. Lewis Degen, 6803 Ridgeland Ave., Chicago, Ill. —your recipe for a SKINLESS frankfurter dish is this month's choice of our home-economics staff!

This recipe was selected from among hundreds of others because it is *economical, delicious, easy to prepare, and low in meat points; too!*

Stretch Your Meat Coupons—Stretch Your Meal Budget!

SKINLESS frankfurters and wieners are today's outstanding meat buy. They are quick to prepare. Just a matter of a few minutes. Full of flavor—nutritious, satisfying.

No skins to split open, for these franks and wieners are SKINLESS! You eat every bit you pay for! No wonder housewives call SKINLESS frankfurters and wieners "the No-WASTE Food."

THIS MONTH'S RECIPE: SKINLESS Frankfurters with Stuffed Tomatoes

Cut tops off 4 tomatoes. Scoop out center; flute top edge of tomatoes with scissors. Add salt and pepper. Mix 2 cups cooked corn, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper and 2 tablespoons melted butter, or substitute. Fill tomatoes, place in baking pan. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Serve SKINLESS frankfurters with stuffed tomatoes and cooked potatoes around edge of platter.

We'll Send You $5.00, Too!

Tell us how you make your family's pet dish using SKINLESS frankfurters and wieners! Our home-economics staff may judge *your* recipe best-of-the-month, and you'll receive $5.00 when it is published.

Remember—you can *make* money as well as *save* money on your SKINLESS recipe. Send it in, today!

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FRESHEN UP YOUR WINTER WINDOWS

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, *The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.*

YOUR rooms get tired, too! Just as fatigue often shows most plainly in a person's eyes, so does a room appear most in need of a "lift" when its eyes—its windows—are crying for a quick beauty treatment.

After winter's stoking, even the best-draped window may look dingy, dusty, not to say smoky, especially if it's situated directly over a radiator. Sending the heavy slide drapes to a cleaner is expensive, and a job that better wait until spring. But freshening at home the lightweight, thin inner "glass curtains" is no trick at all, and as easy to do as a hair shampoo.

There's simply nothing else that will give cheer to any room as much as having its curtains clean, crisp and charmingly fresh.

The "Beauty Treatment"

Before laundering the curtains, however, look to these minor points in your window beauty treatment: give the radiators under and near any windows a thorough cleaning with your vacuum or radiator brush, for it's the fine soft soot made by the pipes that rises to give the curtains that unpleasant dingy shade; next, watch out for the sloppy paint marks around the wood mullions (small strips) which divide the glass into sections.

In careless paint jobs, the worker lets the paint slop over the wood, making a disfiguring appearance on the glass. Tackle the strips with a safety razor blade, held either in the hand or in a small holder available at any hardware store. By slowly chipping off the excess paint, the whole window becomes smart as well as neat.

Last, of course, wash the glass, using perhaps the newest aid in the form of a small impregnated pad which is to be merely dampened, applied, and the glass polished with a clean rag. Or, says an authority on picture framing, polish glass with tightly crumpled newspaper—nothing is more effective.

For Soiled Curtains

Soak the soiled curtains exactly 15 minutes in a bath of tepid water to loosen up the grime; then gently squeeze from soaking water, and wash in neutral white soap suds of slightly hotter temperature, having previously dissolved bluing flakes in the suds to secure a clear snow-white "blue" with no danger of streaks. Follow this with two clear rinses. Gently wring out excess water and lay curtains on a thick bath towel extended flat on table or other surface, to absorb excess moisture.

To starch curtains, to a pleasing crisp texture, make what is called a "thin" or "water starch" mixture as usual, and add to it a small cake of a specially prepared wax-like product which will prevent the starch from sticking while you iron, and will permit one to iron the curtains before they are really dry, thus saving time.

Tips on Ironing

To iron, so that original measurements are retained, one should take the measurements first, and then pin the curtains to a sheet stretched on a wide, flat surface. If straight-hanging, insert a curtain rod in both the top and the bottom hems, and dexterously gather and adjust the fullness evenly as the curtain lies taut between the two rods. With some types of materials this stretching may be all that is necessary!

In all ironing, remember these suggestions:

If curtains are straight, iron the selvedge first; if using an ironing machine, fold curtains in half lengthwise, and iron; then dampen central crease and iron to remove.

If ruffled, iron ruffles first; iron a few inches at a time, finishing the edges first, and then "nosing" the iron into the gathers of the ruffles. After the ruffles are finished, iron the main body of the curtain, starting at the top hem and always ironing downward.

Avoid stretching the material, and always iron with the direction of the yarns or weave of the textile.

Watch your iron! These sheer thin curtains may scorch easily if your iron is too hot.

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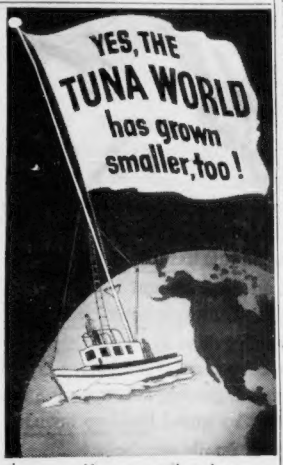

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NEXT WEEK

HE'D RATHER BE 'SLUGGER' SINATRA

Imagine Frank Sinatra a boxer? His father was a fighter and Frankie too, would rather "crown" than "croon" them into swooning. So he did the next best thing and became a pug—by proxy. Next week, Dan Parker tells you all about Frankie's frustrated ambition and how he has partially realized it by becoming the manager of a contender to the heavyweight title.

In the March 5 issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Every page in this magazine is as interesting as the next.

Bill got a germ* and made the honor roll

*the protective wheat germ in hot Ralston cereal

No Diet Complete Without Whole Grain

Delicious Hot Ralston is Whole Grain Plus Extra Amounts of Protective Wheat Germ

2 KINDS OF HOT RALSTON CEREAL

Ralston makes *wonderful* Scrapple!

Mock Scrapple: Cook ½ lb. ground veal or beef in 2 tblsps. shortening until brown. Add 2½ cups milk, heat to boiling. Stir in ½ cup Ralston cereal so slowly mixture does not stop boiling. Add 1 tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. pepper. Boil 5 min., stir frequently. Pour at once into wet loaf pan. Chill until firm. Unmold and cut into ½-inch slices. Roll in ½ cup uncooked Ralston and brown in hot shortening. Serve plain or with fried apple slices. Serves 6.

FREE! TESTED LOW-POINT RECIPES

Save points and pennies—add new interest to wartime meals with Ralston meat-stretching dishes, custards, pancakes, dumplings. For 10 free recipes, write Ralston, 49 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis 2, Mo.

Just a bowlful
Of nourishing hot Ralston each day
May mean the difference
Between the child who leads the class
And one who lags behind
Because this natural whole wheat cereal
Has an extra amount
Of the natural protective wheat germ
The rich golden heart of wheat
That releases new energy, strengthens nerves,
Promotes growth, aids appetite and digestion
Serve this grand build-up breakfast
To your family regularly
Ask for hot Ralston . . . thrifty, not rationed.

Be smart, lady! Reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Many people are overweight these days because they eat too many unrationed starchy foods. What to do about it? Just get the new free Ry-Krisp book which tells how any normal person can lose excess weight and gives low-point menus and recipes for delicious family meals.

FREE! This new wartime book includes complete reducing plans. For free copy, write Ry-Krisp, 21 Checkerboard Sq., St. Louis 2, Mo.

LOW POINT LOW CALORIE MEAL PLANNER

LOW-POINT FEAST—For a wartime treat, serve chop suey and rice with toasted Ry-Krisp. Remember Ry-Krisp is a whole grain bread with a rich rye flavor that goes great with any food. Helps tone you up, too—has the minerals and about all the vitamin B_1 of whole rye. Only 23 calories in each slice. So crisp it serves as crackers, toast, bread.

England Ready to Pay Off for *Kidnaping a King?*

THE British government has nabbed and punished many a kidnaper in its time — but, embarrassingly enough, right now it is faced with a demand for $57,000 in payment for a little king-snatching job pulled off by its own Foreign Office over half a century ago.

That's the amount of dough the black natives of the Opobo River country of Nigeria want for the abduction of their monarch, the Ja Ja of Opobo, who was sent off into exile in 1887.

The story of the kidnaping goes back to the days of Queen Victoria when England was fighting for African trade and having trouble with certain native rulers.

Prominent among these black monarchs was the hard-boiled Ja Ja who controlled the territory along the Nigerian coast, and who wouldn't let trading companies deal with tribes of the interior unless he got his cut.

Dealing with the Ja Ja as a middleman might have been okay with the English except that the king insisted on flat fees for palm oil and other tropical products with no thought of adjusting his percentage to prevailing European prices.

Sir Harry Johnston, the British vice consul to the Nigerian Protectorate, tried to make the Opobo monarch knuckle down and trade fairly, but the black king refused, claiming that he could do as he pleased inasmuch as the British, in a treaty in 1873, had recognized him as an independent ruler.

With all trade with the interior practically at a standstill because of the dispute, Sir Harry ordered the Ja Ja to attend a conference.

When the king showed up for the confab, accompanied by many of his warriors, he was bluntly told by the vice consul that he would have to go to Accra on the Gold Coast and stand trial for interfering with trade.

The Ja Ja had no choice but to accede. A British warship, the Goshawk, was standing offshore, its guns bristling, and to resist would have been suicide. The king was quickly put aboard.

A few days later he was landed at Accra and the trial —a farce all the way through —was held. The Ja Ja was found guilty, sentenced to five years in exile, and sent off to the West Indies.

Four years after he was sentenced, the Ja Ja was pardoned by the then apologetic British, but he died before he ever got back to Opobo. In 1892, still trying to make amends, the British government awarded £11,420 sterling (approximately $57,000) to the Ja Ja's heirs.

The award had the curious provision that the money was not to be paid before 1922 but within a 50-year period — which means that the deadline for payment was in 1942. The war-busy British did not pay off, and now the question of settlement will shortly come up before the current session of Parliament.

The Surprised Black Monarch Was Made a Prisoner on a British Warship Lying Off the Nigerian Coast.

The Ja-Ja Was a Tough Customer—But John Bull Was Tougher.

A little of this flavor-rich sauce in your low point dishes adds a lot of mouth-watering goodness to every dish you serve. Unrationed .... costs little.

BARBECUE NOODLES

8 oz. pkg. medium noodles; 1½ cups grated American cheese; 4 tbsps. butter, margarine or oil; ½ cup Derby Barbecue Sauce.—Cook noodles in 2 qts. boiling water with 2 tsps. salt, for 15 min. Mix with other ingredients. Serves 6.

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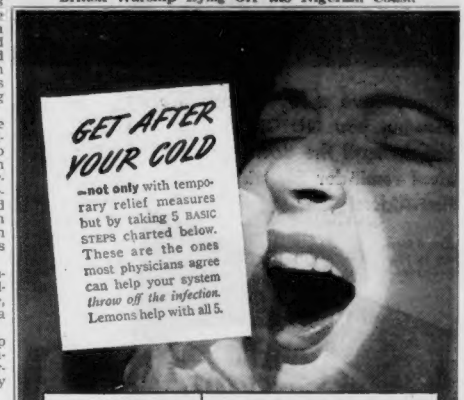

GET AFTER YOUR COLD
—not only with temporary relief measures but by taking 5 BASIC STEPS charted below. These are the ones most physicians agree can help your system *throw off the infection.* Lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. **Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue.* It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.
2. **Keep elimination regular.**	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. **Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. **Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. **Keep warm; avoid further chill.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

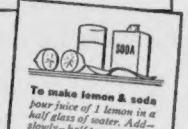
If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMON AND SODA IN FIGHTING COLDS

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours at home or at nearest fountain. (And to induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.)

Then,—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

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"*AIDIAL*" will tell you what to do in all these eighteen urgent emergencies: DROWNING, SUNSTROKE, HEAT EXHAUSTION, FAINTING, SNAKEBITE, BLEEDING FROM ARTERIES, BLEEDING FROM VEINS, SPRAINS, DISLOCATIONS, SIMPLE FRACTURE, COMPOUND FRACTURE, SKULL FRACTURE, FOREIGN BODY IN NOSE OR EAR, ASPHYXIATION, GAS POISONING, ELECTRIC SHOCKS, BURNS and ALCOHOL POISONING.

In addition it gives you a diagram showing the courses of the arteries and correct pressure points; photographs demonstrating artificial respiration; and a table of Air Raid Precautions. And now you can get this indispensable First Aid Guide ABSOLUTELY FREE—with no strings attached—whether you take advantage of the amazing bargain offer of THE MODERN HOME PHYSICIAN or not! All we ask you to do is to examine this great book of medical information in your home FREE!

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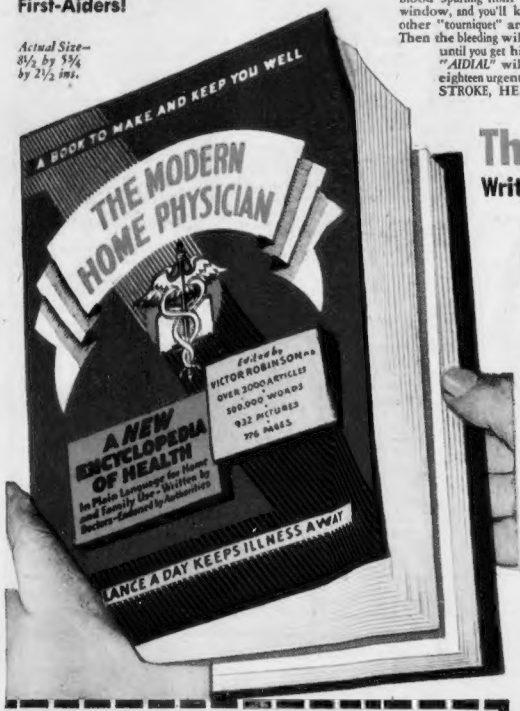
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